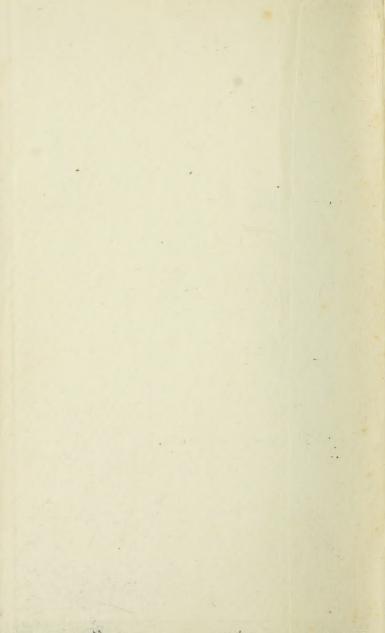


ANNOTATED EDITION



W. J. GAGE & CO. Limited TORONTO.



Jesen Rus Presto Shay

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Mrs. Johnan.

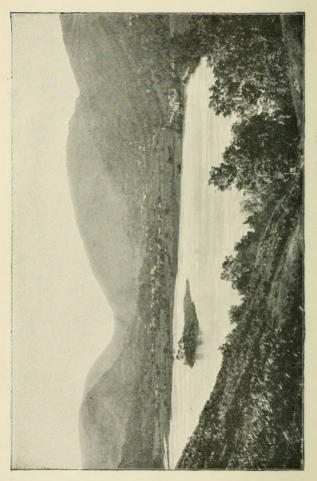
has made me write this hote to the stoppage or a a semi-colon at least, of my Breakfist, for one cause of two reasons. The lause been impatience exising from her mind being poll shrving-full of the subject- the reasons I but case, an sportunity shall occur of sendry this in the cause of the Morning to Mestord Square or Lincoln Inn 2 in case, Basil should be prevented from Coming here this livening, that it might be ready for the last Post.

Gid blep you toke of S. J. Coloridge

Tuesday 3 June 1823

Munt ages your have Parlow a, The rues D simple Uman. use q Lher is Inn Come the





GRASMERE, WORDSWORTH'S HOME, 1799-1813.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH

FROM AUTHORS' EDITIONS,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS

BY

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W. J. GAGE & CO. LIMITED TORONTO

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## PREFACE.

This edition of the Select Poems of Coleridge and Wordsworth is primarily designed as an aid to students preparing for the Junior Leaving Examination of the Education Department of Ontario, and for matriculation at the Universities of Toronto, McGill, Queen's, Victoria, Trinity, and Manitoba; but it will be found no less useful to private students of these English classics.

The editors, relying on their own experiences in the classroom and upon the opinions of many friends engaged in High school work, have endeavored to bring together such a critical apparatus as will enable junior students to carry out successfully a thorough study of the poetry prescribed for their examinations.

The biographical sketch of Coleridge, the critical introductions, and the principal part of the annotations are to be credited to Dr. Sykes, whose successive editions for many years have met with the warm approval of teachers of literature. The initialled notes and the collection of Opinions, Criticisms, and Class Exercises are the work of Mr. Clarkson.

The Memoir of Wordsworth, by Prof. Clark of Trinity University, Toronto, and the accompanying Essay on his literary mission, by Principal Grant of Queen's University. Kingston, are characteristic productions of these able and learned authors and critics.

The text of the Selections is taken from authoritative editions, and much historical information respecting the various poems has been embodied in the introductions and notes. They will be found both interesting and helpful in the work of interpreting the texts to which they relate.

The illustrations have been chosen with a practical aim, and the general reader will find altogether such a critical apparatus, such a mass of interesting material, and such a complete series of literary problems and examination questions as have rarely been assembled in so small a book.



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## COLERIDGE.

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum. nunquam attigit. Juvat. interea. non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est. modusque servandus. ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. Burnet, Archeol. Phil. p. 68.

#### PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a weddingfeast, and detaineth one.

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The wed-

ding-guest is spell-bound

by the eye of the old sea-

faring man. and con-

strained to hear his tale.

#### COLERIDGE.

He holds him with his skinny hand, "There was a ship," quoth he. 10 "Hold off! unhand me, grav-beard loon!" Eftsoons his hand dropt he. He holds him with his glittering eve-The wedding-guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child: 15 The Mariner hath his will. The wedding-guest sat on a stone: He cannot choose but hear: And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eved Mariner. 20 The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared. Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top. The sun came up upon the left. 25 Out of the sea came he! And he shone bright, and on the right

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon-30 The wedding-guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy. The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the mariner continueth his tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on the ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

And now the storm-blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong:

He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

With sloping mast and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

50

45

And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.

55 The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be

seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,

The ice was all around:

60

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,

Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog and was received with great joy and hospitality. At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind; The albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen. "God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!— 80
Why look'st thou so?"—With my crossbow
I shot the albatross.

#### PART II.

THE sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

85

90

95

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good luck.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.

100
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay.
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the fog cleared off they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime. The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst

105
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
"Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink,

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green and blue and white.

130

And some in dreams assured were Of the spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow. A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning

whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought 135
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the albatross About my neck was hung. The shipmates, in their sore distress, 140 would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead seabird round

his neck.

#### PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;

It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!

And still it neared and neared:

As if it dodged a water-sprite,

It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried. A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call: Gramercy! they for joy did grin. And all at once their breath drew in. As they were drinking all.

joy; 165

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal: Without a breeze, without a tide,

She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide? 170

The western wave was all a-flame. The day was well nigh done! Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad bright sun;

When that strange shape drove suddenly 175 Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!) As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face. 180

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those her sails that glance in the sun. Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun 185 face of the Did peer, as through a grate? And is that woman all her crew? Is that a Death? and are there two? Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the setting sun. The spectrewoman and her deathmate, and no other on board the skeletonship.

Like vessel, like crew! Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out.

At one stride comes the dark;

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,

Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up!

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seemed to sip!

The stars were dim, and thick the night,

The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar

The horned moon, with one bright star

Within the nether tip.

One after another.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

215

Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one. His shipmates drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

220 But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

#### PART IV.

'I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou are long, and lank, and brown.
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The wedding guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not. fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted his horril to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed."

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took rity on My soul in agony.

**z**35

He despiseth the creatures of the calm. The many men, so beautiful!

And they all dead did lie:

And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead. I looked upon the rotting sea,

And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,

And the balls like pulses beat;

For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky

250

Lay like a load on my weary eye,

And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they looked on me 255 the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that

yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burned alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,

I watched the water-snakes:

They moved in tracks of shining white,

And when they reared, the elfish light

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great ealm.

Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black. They coiled and swam; and every track 280 Was a flash of golden fire.

and their happiness.

Their heauty O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare:

A spring of love gushed from my heart.

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:

And I blessed them unaware.

Sure my kind saint took pity on me.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray: And from my neck so free

The albatross fell off, and sank

Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

OH sleep! it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from heaven. That slid into my soul.

290

285

290

By grace of the holy Mother, the

The silly buckets on the deck, That had so long remained,

I dreamt that they were filled with dew; And when I awoke, it rained.

ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

305

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams, And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:

I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

The upper air burst into life!

And a hundred fire-flags sheen,

To and fro they were hurried about!

And to and fro, and in and out,

The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;

The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on. The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the moon The dead men gave a groan.

330

345

325

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; 335
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

340

The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee: The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said nought to me.

But not by the souls of the men, not by demons "I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"

Be calm, thou wedding-guest;

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain, Which to their corses came again, But a troop of spirits blest: of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, the guardian saint.

And clustered round the mast; 351

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths.

And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound.

Then darted to the sun;

Slowly the sounds came back again,

Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,

Now like a lonely flute;

And now it is an angel's song,

That makes the heavens be mute,

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,

370

That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.

375

The lonesome spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance. Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.

The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go.

She made a sudden bound;

It flung the blood into my head,

And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the How long in that same fit I lay, I have not to declare; But ere my living life returned,

395

I heard, and in my soul discerned Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the man Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,

As soft as honey-dew:

Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,

And penance more will do."

element. take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been

the ancient
Mariner
hath been
accorded to
the Polar
spirit, who
returneth
southward.

405

#### PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast;

415

His great bright eye most silently Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim. See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him.

420

#### FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast, Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.

The dead men stood together.

425

Fly. brother, fly! more high, more high! Or we shall be belated: For slow and slow that ship will go, When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on

As in a gentle weather:

"was night, calm night, the moon was high;

All stood together on the deck,

For a charnel-dungeon fitter:

All fixed on me their stony eyes,

That in the moon did glitter.

The curse is finally expi-

455

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
440
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—
445

Like one, that on a lonesome road

Doth walk in fear and dread,

And having once turned round walks on,

And turns no more his head;

Because he knows a frightful fiend

450

Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring— It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:

<b>22</b>	COLERIDGÉ.	
	Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—	
	On me alone it blew.	
	Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed	
	The light-house top I see?	465
And the an-	Is this the hill? is this the kirk?	
cient Mari- ner behold- eth his native country.	Is this mine own countree?	
	We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,	
	And I with sobs did pray—	
	O let me be awake, my God!	470
	Or let me sleep alway.	
	The harbour-bay was clear as glass,	
	So smoothly it was strewn!	
	And on the bay the moonlight lay,	
	And the shadow of the moon.	475
	The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,	
	That stands above the rock:	
	The moonlight steeped in silentness	
	The steady weathercock.	
	And the bay was white with silent light	480
	Till rising from the same,	
The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,	Full many shapes, that shadows were.	
	In crimson colours came.	
And appear in their own	A little distance from the prow	
forms of light.	Those crimson shadows were:	485

I turned my eyes upon the deck—Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!

A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,

I heard them coming fast:

Dear Lord in heaven! it was a jcy

The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice: It is the hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

510

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#### PART VII.

The hermit of the word.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:

it is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk, "Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!

I never saw aught like to them, Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"

540
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread: It reached the ship, it split the bay; The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 500 Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat. 555

The ancient Mariner is saved in the pilot's boat. Upon the whirl, where sank the ship, The boat spun round and round; And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

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I took the oars: the pilot's boy,

Who now doth crazy go,

Laughed loud and long, and all the while

His eyes went to and fro.

"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,

The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,

I stood on the firm land!

The hermit stepped forth from the boat,

And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woful agony,

# THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour That agony returns: And till my ghastly tale is told. This heart within me burns. And ever and anon throughout his future life and agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

I pass, like night, from land to land; I have strange power of speech; The moment that his face I see, I know the man that must hear me: To him my tale I teach.

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What loud uproar bursts from that door?
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

40	COLEKIDGE,	
j). el :	To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And youths and maidens gay!	605
And to teach,	Farewell, farewell! but this I tell	610
by his own example, love and re- verence to all things that God made and loveth.	To thee, thou wedding-guest!	
	'He prayeth well, who loveth well	
	Both man and bird and beast.	
(	He prayeth best, who loveth best	
	All things both great and small;	615
	For the dear God who loveth us,	
	He made and loveth all.	
	The Mariner, whose eye is bright,	
	Whose beard with age is hoar,	
	is gone: and now the wedding-guest	620
	Turned from the bridegroom's door.	
	He went like one that hath been stunned,	
	And is of sense forlorn:	
(	A sadder and a wiser man, N	

He rose the morrow morn.

625

WORDSWORTH.



# WORDSWORTH.

# TO THE DAISY.

BRIGHT Flower, whose home is everywhere!
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see

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Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,

The forest thorough!

And thou would'st teach him how to find A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind

And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about, Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt, With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical

In peace fulfilling.

# MICHAEL.

#### A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your steps Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll. You will suppose that with an upright path Your feet must struggle: in such bold ascent The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. But, courage! for around that boisterous brook The mountains have all opened out themselves. And made a hidden valley of their own. No habitation can be seen; but they Who journey thither find themselves alone With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites That overhead are sailing in the sky. It is in truth an utter solitude: Nor should I have made mention of this Dell But for one object which you might pass by, 15 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones: And to that simple object appertains, A story-unenriched with strange events, Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20 Or for the summer shade. It was the first Of those domestic tales that spake to me Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men Whom I already loved :- not verily For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25

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Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name; V An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb. His bodily frame had been from youth to age Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen, Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs. And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt And watchful more than ordinary men. V Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds. Of blasts of every tone: and, oftentimes. When others heeded not, he heard the South Make subterraneous music, like the noise Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills. The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock Bethought him, and he to himself would say, "The winds are now devising work for me!" And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives The traveller to a shelter, summoned him

Up to the mountains: he had been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists, That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60 So lived he till his eightieth year was past. And grossly that man errs, who should suppose That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks. Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts. Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65 The common air: the hills, which with vigorous step He had so often climbed: which had impressed So many incidents upon his mind Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear: Which, like a book, preserved the memory Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved, Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts. The certainty of honorable gain: Those fields, those hills, -what could they less? -had laid Strong hold on his affections. were to him 75 A pleasurable feeling of blind love, The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.

His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest
It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase.

With one foot in the grave. This only Son. 90 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm, The one of an inestimable worth, Made all their household. I may truly say. That they were as a proverb in the vale For endless industry. When day was gone. 95 And from their occupations out of doors The Son and Father were come home, even then. Their labour did not cease: unless when all Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there. Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk. 100 Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes. And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named) And his old Father both betook themselves To such convenient work as might employ 105 Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe, Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling by the chimney's edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With a huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,

Living a life of eager industry. And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year. There by the light of this old lamp they sate. Father and Son, while late into the night 125 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work. Making the cottage through the silent hours Murmur as with the sound of summer flies. This light was famous in its neighbourhood. And was a public symbol of the life 130 The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced, Their cottage on a plot of rising ground Stood single, with large prospect, north and south, High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise, And westward to the village near the lake: 135 And from this constant light, so regular And so far seen, the House itself, by all Who dwelt within the limits of the vale. Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years. 140 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs Have loved his Helpmate: but to Michael's heart This son of his old age was yet more dear-Less from instinctive tenderness, the same Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all-145 Than that a child, more than all other gifts That earth can offer to declining man. Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts, And stirrings of inquietude, when they By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150 Exceeding was the love he bare to him, His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,

Had done him female service, not alone For pastime and delight, as is the use Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

155

And, in a later time, ere vet the Boy Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 166 Albeit of a stern unbending mind, To have the Young-one in his sight, when he Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool. Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched Under the large old oak, that near his door 165 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade, Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun. Thence in our rustic dialect was called The CLIPPING TREE, a name which vet it bears. There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170 With others round them, earnest all and blithe, Would Michael exercise his heart with looks Of fond correction and reproof bestowed Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt

He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause, not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threathening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind:
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew up:
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly

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Had prest upon him: and old Michael now Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture. 215 A grievous penalty, but little less Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim, At the first hearing, for a moment took More hope out of his life than he supposed That any old man ever could have lost. 220 As soon as he had armed himself with strength To look his trouble in the face, it seemed The Shepherd's sole refuge to sell at once A portion of his patrimonial fields. Such was his first resolve; he thought again, 225 And his heart failed him, "Isabel," said he. Two evenings after he had heard the news. "I have been toiling more than seventy years. And in the open sunshine of God's love Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours 230 Should pass into a stranger's hand. I think That I could not lie quiet in my grave. Our lot is a hard lot: the sun himself Has scarcely been more diligent than I: And I have lived to be a fool at last 235 To my own family. An evil man That was, and made an evil choice, if he Were false to us; and if he were not false, There are ten thousand to whom loss like this Had been no sorrow. I forgive him :- but 240 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak Of remedies and of a cheerful hope. Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;

He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?"

At this the old man paused. 255 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind Was busy, looking back into past times. There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself. He was a parish-boy-at the church-door They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares; And, with this basket on his arm, the lad Went up to London, found a master there. Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265 To go and overlook his merchandise Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich, And left estates and monies to the poor, And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, floored With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. 270 These thoughts, and many others of like sort, Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel. And her face brightened. The old Man was glad. And thus resumed :- "Well. Isabel! this scheme These two days, has been meat and drink to me. 275 Far more than we have lost is left us vet. -We have enough-I wish indeed that I

Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.

—Make ready Luke's best garments. of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:

—If he could go, the Boy should go to-night."

280

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth With a light heart. The Housewife for five days Was restless morn and night, and all day long Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare Things needful for the journey of her son. But Isabel was glad when Sunday came To stop her in her work: for, when she lav By Michael's side, she through the last two nights Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleen: And when they rose at morning she could see That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon She said to Luke, while they two by themselves Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go: We have no other Child but thee to lose. None to remember-do not go away, For if thou leave thy Father he will die." The Youth made answer with a jocund voice: And Isabel, when she had told her fears. Recovered heart. That evening her best fare Did she bring forth, and all together sat Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

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With daylight Isabel resumed her work; And all the ensuing week the house appeared As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length The expected letter from their kinsman came,

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With kind assurances that he would do His utmost for the welfare of the Boy: To which, requests were added, that forthwith 310 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more The letter was read over: Isabel Went forth to show it to the neighbours round; Nor was there at that time on English land A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel 315 Had to her house returned, the old Man said. "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word The Housewife answered, talking much of things Which, if at such short notice he should go, Would surely be forgotten. But at length 3.0 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll, In that deep valley, Michael had designed To build a Sheep-fold: and, before he heard The tidings of his melancholy loss. 325 For this same purpose he had gathered up A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge Lay thrown together, ready for the work. With Luke that evening thitherward he walked: And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330 And thus the old Man spake to him :- "My Son, To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart I look upon thee, for thou art the same That wert a promise to me ere thy birth And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 335 I will relate to thee some little part Of our two histories: 'twill do thee good When thou art from me, even if I should touch On things thou canst not know of .--- After thou

# MICHAEL.

First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls	<b>34</b> 0
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away	
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue	
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,	
And still I loved thee with increasing love.	
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds	345
Then when I heard thee by our own fireside	
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;	
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy	
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,	
And in the open fields my life was passed	350
And on the mountains; else I think that thou	
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.	
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,	
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young	
Have played together, nor with me didst thou	<b>3</b> 55
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."	
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words	
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,	
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see	
That these are things of which I need not speak.	360
-Even to the utmost I have been to thee	
A kind and a good Father: and herein	
I but repay a gift which I myself	
Received at others' hands; for, though now old	
Beyond the common life of man, I still	<b>36</b> 5
Remember them who loved me in my youth.	
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,	
As all their Forefathers had done; and when	
At length their time was come, they were not loth	
To give their bodies to the family mould.	370
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:	
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,	

And see so little gain from threescore years.

These fields were burthened when they came to me;

Till I was forty years of age. not more

Than half of my inheritance was mine.

I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work.

—And till these three weeks past the land was free.

It looks as if it never could endure

Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,

If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good

That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused: Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood, Thus, after a short silence, he resumed: "This was a work for us; and now, my Son. 385 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone-Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands. Nav. Boy, be of good hope; -we both may live To see a better day. At eighty-four I still am strong and hale: -do thou thy part: 390 I will do mine. - I will begin again With many tasks that were resigned to thee: Up to the heights, and in among the storms. Will I without thee go again, and do All works which I was wont to do alone. 995 Before I knew thy face. - Heaven bless thee. Boy! Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast With many hopes: it should be so-ves-ves-I knew that thou could'st never have a wish To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me 40G Only by links of love: when thou art gone. What will be left to us !- But, I forget My purposes. Lav now the corner-stone. As I requested: and hereafter. Luke.

When thou art gone away, should evil men 105 Be thy companions, think of me. my Son. And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts, And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear And all temptations. Luke, I pray that thou May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived. 410 Who, being innocent, did for that cause Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well-When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see A work which is not here: a covenant Twill be between us:-but, whatever fate 415 Befall thee. I shall love thee to the last, And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here: and Luke stooped down, And, as his Father had requested, laid The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight 420 The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept: And to the house together they returned. -Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace, Ere the night fell: -with morrow's dawn the Boy 425 Began his journey, and when he had reached The public way, he put on a bold face; And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors, Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers, That followed him till he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their Kinsman come, Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen." 435 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts. So, many months passed on: and once again The Shepherd went about his daily work With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour 140 He to that valley took his way, and there Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meanwhile Luke began To slacken in his duty; and, at length, He in the dissolute city gave himself To evil courses: ignominy and shame 145 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love: 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else Would overset the brain, or break the heart: 450 I have conversed with more than one who well Remember the old Man, and what he was Years after he heard this heavy news. His bodily frame had been from youth to age Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks 455 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud, And listened to the wind; and, as before, Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep. And for the land, his small inheritance. And to that hollow dell from time to time 460 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten vet The pity which was then in every heart For the old Man-and 'tis believed by all That many and many a day he thither went. 465 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog, Then old, beside him, lying at his feet. The length of full seven years, from time to time. 470 He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought. And left the work unfinished when he died. Three years, or little more, did Isabel Survive her husband: at her death the estate Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand. 475 The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground On which it stood; great changes have been wrought In all the neighbourhood: - vet the oak is left That grew beside their door; and the remains 180 Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

# TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, ETC., 1820.

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune To-night beneath my cottage eaves; While, smitten by a lofty moon, The encircling laurels, thick with leaves, Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

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And who but listened?—till was paid Respect to every Inmate's claim; The greeting given, the music played, In honour of each household name, Duly pronounced with lusty call, And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, Hadst heard this never-failing rite; And seen on other faces shine A true revival of the light Which Nature and these rustic Powers, In simple childhood, spread through ours!

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For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

86

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark, To hear—and sink again to sleep!

Or, at an earlier call, to mark,

By blazing fire, the still suspense

Of self-complacent innocence:

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The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

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Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

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Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye, that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find, Short leisure even in busiest days; Moments, to cast a look behind, And profit by those kindly rays That through the clouds do sometimes steal, And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din Beats frequent on thy satiate ear, A pleased attention I may win To agitations less severe, That neither overwhelm nor cloy, But fill the hollow vale with joy!

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# ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM.

PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile! Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee: I saw thee every day; and all the while Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep; No mood, which season takes away, or brings: I could have fancied that the mighty Deep Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN,—if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

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Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been.—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore, This work of thine I blame not, but commend; This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well. Well chosen is the spirit that is here; That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell, This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone, Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind! Such happiness, wherever it be known, Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer, And frequent sights of what is to be borne! Such sights, or worse, as are before me here, Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

# IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
That Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

#### TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

[To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring\*

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine;

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine:

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

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# THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the Vale profound Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

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Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened, motionless, and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

# WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look For comfort, being, as I am, opprest, To think that now our life is only drest For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook In the open sunshine, or we are unblest: The wealthiest man among us is the best: No grandeur now in Nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence, And pure religion breathing household laws.

15

## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!

Even yet thou art to me

No bird, but an invisible thing,

A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

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To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the green; And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace Again appears to be An unsubstantial, faery place; That is fit home for Thee!

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

#### ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried:
No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide.

Too blindly have reposed my trust:

And oft, when in my heart was heard

Thy timely mandate, I deferred

The task, in smoother walks to stray;

But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

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## THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

## [THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.]

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things

The floating clouds their state shall lend

To her; for her the willow bend;

Nor shall she fail to see

Even in the motion of the Storm

Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form

By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear

To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

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And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

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#### THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed Their snow-white blossoms on my head, With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest In all this covert of the blest: Hail to Thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day
Dost lead the revels of the Mav:
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:

A Life, a Presence like the Air,

Scattering thy gladness without care,

Too blest with any one to pair;

Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid you tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,

Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

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My dazzled sight he oft deceives,

A Brother of the dancing leaves;

Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves

Pours forth his song in gushes;

As if by that exulting strain

He mocked and treated with disdain

The voiceless Form he chose to feign.

While fluttering in the bushes.

#### SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition. sent

To be a moment's ornament:

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn

From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay.

To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles.
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 29

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.
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## COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west, Star of my Country !-- on the horizon's brink Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest, Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest, 5 Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think, Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink, Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies. 10 Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot, One life, one glory !- I, with many a fear For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs, Among men who do not love her, linger here.

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## UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will: Dear God! the very houses seem asleep; And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## TO SLEEP. \*

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,

One after one; the sound of rain, and bees

Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees; And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay, And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:

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Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth? Come, blessed barrier between day and day, Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

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## THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

[ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1802.]

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee

Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft: Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left; For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain thoods should thunder as before, And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore, And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

### LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour. England hath need of thee: she is a fen Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen, Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower Of inward happiness. We are selfish men; Oh! raise us up, return to us again; And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power. 5

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way. In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

# INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense

And glorious Work of fine intelligence!

Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more;

So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die; Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof That they were born for immortality.

## KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CONTINUED,

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when she hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

## TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Brook! whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;

If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no naiad shouldst thou be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs: 10
It seems the eternal soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a better good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

32-36

## CONFIDENCE IN BRITAIN.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart When men change swords for ledgers, and desert The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed I had, my country!—am I to be blamed? Now when I think of thee, and what thou art, Verily, in the bottom of my heart, Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed. For dearly must we prize thee; we who find In thee a bulwark for the cause of men; 10 And I by my affection was beguiled: What wonder if a poet now and then. Among the many movements of his mind, Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

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## SEPTEMBER, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, you vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the spring.

For that from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life;
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives who can provide
For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant seraphim,
These choristers confide.

#### UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

Departing summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumined,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
\_Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely caroling.

No faint and hesitating trill,

Such tribute as to winter chill

The lonely redbreast pays!

Clear, loud, and lively is the din,

From social warblers gathering in

Their harvest of sweet lays.

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Nor doth the example fail to cheer

Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,

And yellow on the bough:—

Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!

Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed

Around a younger brow!

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.	77
Yet will I temperately rejoice:	
Wide is the range and free the choice	20
Of undiscordant themes;	
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize	
Not less than vernal ecstasies,	
And passion's feverish dreams.	
For deathless powers to verse belong,	25
And they like demi-gods are strong	
On whom the muses smile;	
But some their function have disclaimed,	
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed	
To enervate and defile.	30
Not such the initiatory strains	
Committed to the silent plains	
In Britain's earliest dawn:	
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,	
While all too-daringly the veil	35
Of nature was withdrawn!	
Nor such the spirit-stirring note	
When the live chords Alcæus smote,	
Inflamed by sense of wrong;	
Woe! woe to tyrants! from the lyre	40
Broke threateningly in sparkles dire	
Of fierce vindictive song.	
And not unhallowed was the page	
By winged love inscribed, to assuage	
The pangs of vain pursuit;	45
Love listening while the Lesbian maid	
With finest touch of passion swayed	
Her own Æolian lute.	

O ye who patiently explore	
The wreck of Herculanean lore,	. 50
What rapture! could ye seize	
Some Theban fragment, or unroll	
One precious, tender-hearted scroll	
Of pure Simonides.	
That were, indeed, a genuine birth	55
Of poesy; a bursting forth	
Of genius from the dust:	1
What Horace gloried to behold,	
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?	
Can haughty time be just!	60

### \* THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears, Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years: Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees 5 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees; Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide, And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

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She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade, The mist and the river, the hill and the shade: The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, And the colors have all passed away from her eyes!



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

## TO MY SISTER

It is the first mild day of March: Each minute sweeter than before; The redbreast sings from the tall larch That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air, Which seems a sense of joy to yield To the bare trees, and mountains bare, And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you—and, pray, Put on with speed your woodland dress; And bring no book: for this one day We'll give to idleness.

15

No joyless forms shall regulate Our living calendar: We from to-day, my Friend, will date The opening of the year.

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Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:

—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more Than years of toiling reason: Our minds shall drink at every pore The spirit of the season.

-

Some silent laws our hearts may make. Which they will long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

80

And from the blessed power that rolls About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

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Then come, my Sister! come, I pray, With speed put on your woodland dress; And bring no book: for this one day We'll give to idleness.

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#### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"WHY, William, on that old grey stone, Thus for the length of half a day, Why, William, sit you thus alone. And dream your time away?

Where are your books?—that light bequeathed To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your Mother Earth, As if she for no purpose bore you; As if you were her first-born birth, And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake, When life was sweet, I knew not why, To me my good friend Matthew spake, And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see; We cannot bid the ear be still; Our bodies feel, where'er they be, Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers Which of themselves our minds impress; That we can feed this mind of ours In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum Of things for ever speaking, That nothing of itself will come, But we must still be seeking?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone, Conversing as I may, I sit upon this old grey stone, And dream my time away."

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#### THE TABLES TURNED.

#### AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books; Or surely you'll grow double: Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks; Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: Come, hear the woodland linnet, How sweet his music! on my life, There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; Our meddling intellect Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:— We murder to dissect. 25

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

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### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION
IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood did'st thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me With stinted kindness. In November days, When vapours rolling down the valleys made A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods At noon; and mid the calm of summer nights, When, by the margin of the trembling lake, Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went In solitude, such intercourse was mine: Mine was it in the fields both day and night,

And by the waters, all the summer long. And in the frosty season, when the sun 25 Was set, and, visible for many a mile, The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed. I heeded not the summons: happy time It was indeed for all of us: for me It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud 30 The village-clock tolled six-I wheeled about. Proud and exulting like an untired horse That cares not for his home. - All shod with steel We hissed along the polished ice, in games Confederate, imitative of the chase 35 And woodland pleasures. - the resounding horn. The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare. So through the darkness and the cold we flew. And not a voice was idle: with the din Smitten, the precipices rang aloud: The leafless trees and every icy crag Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills Into the tumult sent an alien sound Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars, Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west 45 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng.
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still 55

The rapid line of motion, then at once Have I, reclining back upon my heels, Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled With visible motion her diurnal round! Behind me did they stretch in solemn train, Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

### NUTTING.

---IT seems a day (I speak of one from many singled out) One of those heavenly days that cannot die: When, in the eagerness of bovish hope, I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung. A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps Tow'rd the far-distant wood, a Figure quaint, Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds, Which for that service had been husbanded. 101 By exhortation of my frugal Dame-Motley accoutrement, of power to smile At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, - and, in truth, More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks, Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets, Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook Unvisited, where not a broken bough Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign Of devastation; but the hazels rose Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20 A virgin scene! - A little while I stood, Breathing with such suppression of the heart As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint, Voluntuous, fearless of a rival, eved The banquet ; -or beneath the trees I sate 25 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played; A temper known to those, who, after long

And weary expectation, have been blest With sudden happiness beyond all hope. Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30 The violets of five seasons re-appear And fade, unseen by any human eve: Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam, And-with my cheek on one of those green stones 35 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees, Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep-I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound. In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure, an) The heart luxuriates with indifferent things. Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones. And on the vacant air. Then up I rose. And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash And merciless ravage: and the shady nook 45 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower. Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up Their quiet being : and, unless I now Confound my present feeling with the past: Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings, I felt a sense of pain when I beheld The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky .-Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.



## INTRODUCTION.

#### COLERIDGE.

[Coleridge's Biographia Literaria; De Quincey's Laks Posts; Haz-litt, First Acquaintance with Posts; Cottle, Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey; Traill, Coleridge (E.M.L.); Caine, Coleridge (G.W.S.); Brandl, Coleridge and the English Romantic Movement. Essays of Pater, Sarrazin, Shairp, Swinburne, etc. The best editions are Macmillan's, 1880, tour vols., and J. Dykes Campbell's, one vol.]

The Romantic Movement, which has given us all the great literature of this century, has two names that definitely mark the beginning of its glory. Wordsworth and Coleridge. Others prepared the way: others revealed more or less tentatively some of the characteristics of the Movement; traces of it may be found as early as Gray, who died in 1771, and whose Journal in the Lakes displays a spirit kindred to that of the poet of Grasmere; traces of it may be found in Burns, in whom tender feeling and passion join with appreciation of the beauty possible in the meanest flower and the humblest life. Cowper, too, felt the thrill of communion with Nature, and had a heart that went out to all weak and helpless creatures. Gray, Burns, and Cowper, then, all felt the impulse of a new life; but this new life was manifested clearly and unmistakably first in two names. Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, S.T.C., as he was fond of calling himself, was born on the 21st of October, 1772, youngest son of a kindly pedantic man, priest and peda-

gogue in Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, on whom the scriptural blessing of many children had already been bestowed. The future poet and metaphysician was remarkable even in boyhood. His life had no childhood, and none of the sports of children. The spirit of the boy was withdrawn into reading or meditation, 'driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation,' as he himself says. He began writing poetry before he was ten years old. When the death of his father broke his home ties, the boy passed to Christ's Hospital (School), London, to be clad in blue coat and vellow stockings, and turned loose among some hundreds of boys dressed in similar coats and stockings, underfed, overflogged. Coleridge made his mark as a scholar, and vet, tradition savs, had many an extra lash from the headmaster 'because he was so ugly.' The discipline was severe and the life unsympathetic, to an extent that the boy was once tempted to escape and learn shoemaking from a friendly cobbler. Yet the school could not restrain the spirit-

On the leaden roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream.

Here are six lines written before Coleridge was fifteer years old, the last one especially noteworthy as showing how early the gift of imaginative expression had come to him.

O fair is love's first hope to gentle mind!

As Eve's first star through fleecy cloudlet peeping;

And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind

O'er willowy meads, and shadowed waters creeping;

And Ceres' golden fields;—the sultry hind

Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

In 1788 he wrote *Time*, *Real and Imaginary*, which we quote elsewhere, which exhibits the abstract and philosophic turn that even at this early period his mind had taken. Lamb, who entered the school in 1782, records the general admiration of his fellows for a boy who was 'logician, metaphysician, bard':—'How have I seen," says the genial Elia, "the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and garb of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblicus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic drafts), or reciting Homer in the Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of old Grey Friars re-echoed with the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*."

The last years of his schooldays are marked by various passions,—for Voltaire, for medicine (his brother was a student in London Hospital), for Miss Evans, a neighbouring dressmaker, and for the poetry of William Lisle Bowles. This last exercised a permanent influence, confirming his poetic taste in the principles of the new literary movement. It is interesting to know that Wordsworth likewise, as early as 1783, read Bowles' sonnets, and that Southey took him for a model.

In February, 1791, Coleridge entered Cambridge, just as Wordsworth was leaving. His university life was not a success. He won a medal for a Greek ode, it is true, but what pleased him most was to fill his rooms with students enthusiastic over the great times that were then dawning gloriously upon the world. The liberty of man, the doctrines of Priestly, Frend, Godwin, the new poetry, that general renaissance of the human spirit, when

## Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was heaven!

These were the topics that then fired young men's minds, and were the themes of the rapt monologue of the undergraduate Coleridge. Suddenly, no one knows why, the enthusiast disappeared. When he was discovered, or when his Latinity betrayed him, he was Silas Titus Comberback, trooper in the awkward squad of Elliott's Light Dragoons.

Returning to Cambridge, Coleridge found a new object for his enthusiasm in Wordsworth's Descriptive Sketches. which had just been published and which he alone was able to appreciate. "Seldom, if ever," he said, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the horizon more evidently announced." Then a vacation ramble gave him the company and friendship of Southey, the most heterodox and republican spirit in Oxford. When Coleridge returned from a trip to Wales, the two friends met at Bristol, and in Bristol their scheme to bring about a regenerate world was debated, planned, and-not carried out. They were to found a society in America on conditions of ideal equality, Pantisocracy, The Miss Frickers were willing to go, and as Lovell had married one, and Southey was about to marry another, Coleridge concluded it was but proper to engage himself to a third. Burnet proposed to a fourth, but she concluded to wait. Wives, however, were easier to procure than money, and they needed £2,000 to realize their ideal. Cottle, the warm-hearted bookseller, offered Coleridge thirty guineas for his poems, and made the same offer to Southey. The Pantisocrats immediately married, and Southey, having a tempting chance to go to Portugal, departed for Lisbon; Lovell left for a longer journey: while Coleridge, with

the mists of pantisocracy vanishing in the past, settled down in a £5-a-year cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, to enjoy his married life;—"send me a riddle slice, a candle-box, two glasses for the wash-hand stand, one dustpan, one small tin tea-kettle, one pair of candlesticks, a Bible, a keg of porter."—

Writing for periodicals, lectures, tutoring, founding of a new magazine, whose weekly numbers should 'cry the state of the political atmosphere,' but which the servant used for starting the editor's fire,—'La, Sir, why it's only Watchmen!'—such were the labours of these early years of married life. A first volume of Poems on Various Subjects was published in 1796, but secured no special attention. It was immediately followed by the Ode to the Departing Year. Early in the following summer Coleridge removed to Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, where he had a rich friend and patron in Thomas Poole, and where Charles Lloyd became his lodger.

Nether Stowey lies at the foot of the Quantocks, a few miles from the Bristol Channel, in a country of clear brooks and wooded hills. At Racedown, in the neighbouring shire of Dorset, Wordsworth and his sister had found a home, and there the two poets read their compositions to each other,—Coleridge his tragedy of Osorio, and Wordsworth his tragedy of The Borderers. Thus began the friendship of these two men, a friendship that meant much for themselves, much for English literature. Charmed by the scenery of the Quantocks and the opportunity of being near Coleridge, Wordsworth took up his abode in Alfoxden, not three miles distant from Stowey. The period of companionship and mutual stimulus that ensued was marked by the production of poems that are

the earliest unmistakeable manifestations of the presence of a new spirit of poetry that was to dominate the first half of the century to come.

The origin and publication of Lyrical Ballads have been spoken of elsewhere (see p. 101ff.). Its immediate influence was very slight. The Monthly Review considered the Ancient Mariner the strangest cock and bull story, a rapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, though admitting exquisite poetical touches, and in general called upon the author of the volume to write on more elevated subjects and in a more cheerful disposition. Cottle parted with most of his five hundred copies at a loss, and on going out of business returned the copyright to Wordsworth as valueless. De Quincey and John Wilson were perhaps alone in recognizing the value of the volume. Originality, it is said, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated, and it was some years before taste for the new poetry was created.

The close of the eighteenth century was a period of ferment and uncertain impulse. "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe were producing their tales of mystery, spectral romances where the imagination revels in midnight, wild heaths, lonely towers, groans and the tolling of castle-bell, muffled strangers, spectre bridegrooms, blue flames, death's heads, where

The worms crept in, and the worms crept out, And sported his eyes and his temples about.

In strange disaccord existed, side by side with this tendency to the grotesque and supernatural, a strong tendency to realism, in which the daily life of common folk was depicted with the fidelity of Dutch art, as in Crabbe's Village.

I trace

The poor laborious natives of the place, And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray, On their bare heads and dewy temples play.

There was also a steady and increasing attention paid to the older writers, chiefly Spenser, and to the traditional ballad poetry of England and Scotland. Collections of this ballad poetry were issued and eagerly read. Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1765, being the most influential. Finally a growing sympathy with Nature as well in its wild aspects as in scenes of cultivated beauty can be traced in Grav. Burns, and Cowper. But all this lay for the most part below an obdurate literary tradition that lacked sensitiveness of ear and tenderness of emotion, and idolized the heroic couplet, set phrases, and polished antitheses. What Lyrical Ballads did was to show that imagination free from grotesqueness could join with a realism free from triteness; that the literature of the past could afford inspiration and models to all who sought refuge from the monotony of the accepted literary forms: that for man, long pent in dusty towns, there was a new spirit of communion,-

> A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Coleridge's share in Lyrical Ballads was limited to four pieces in which the imagination deals with the supernatural, the chief being the Ancient Mariner. This poem stands amid the fragments and wrecks of greater undertakings as the one great finished achievement of its author. The story of a half insane sailor, by sheer effort of imaginations.

gination, rises into regions of subtlest feeling and thought; scene after scene flashes past in ever-changing beauty; the whole range of human emotion is gone through: it is the world and human life in miniature, and as it unrolls before our eyes, an undercurrent of tender feeling charms the heart, and an undertone of music, with cadences subtle as of a hidden brook in sleeping woods, takes captive the ear.

The other poems of the Nether Stowey period are scarcely less remarkable than the Ancient Mariner. Christabel, a fragment, was composed in part there, and is a most effective union of beauty with the fascination of terror and mystery. Kubla Khan, likewise a fragment, recollected from a dream, is characterized by an almost unequalled rhythm, while the Ode to France has the lofty organ-music that at times brings Coleridge within reach of Milton.

Before the Lyrical Ballads were actually issued, Coleridge had sought occupation as a Unitarian preacher in Shrewsbury. There the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, came to his aid, gave him an annuity, and enabled the poet to carry out a long-cherished project of a pilgrimage to Germany. Through the same benevolent source, Wordsworth and his sister drew the means of accompanying him.

Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on their arrival in Germany, passed on to Ratzeburg, where for five months he studied German; then went to Göttingen to attend lectures in philosophy and metaphysics He returned to London in November, 1779, with a command of German that enabled him in six weeks to produce his translation of Schiller's Wallenstein. It is the great-

est translation in English, but German literature was still of doubtful market value, and the copies sold as waste paper. From translating he passed to journalism, in which he was decidedly successful; then threw up flattering offers, and left London for Greta Hall, Keswick, twelve miles from Grasmere.

From this time, with trifling exceptions, Coleridge ceased to write poetry. The Ode to Dejection in 1802, and a few pathetic lyrics of the later years of his life, such as Youth and Age, Work without Hope, which are for the most part laments over lost opportunities and talents ill spent, virtually complete his poetic career.

Coleridge arrived in Keswick in 1800. Four years later he left England for Malta, wrecked in body and spirit. Exposure in a Scottish outing brought on rheumatism. To relieve this he had recourse to a mysterious black drop, which he learnt later, when under its power, consisted chiefly of opium, and like other great Englishmen of his time he became a slave to the drug. He drifted about from London to Malta, to Sicily, to Rome, back to England. and Keswick.

Ah! piteous sight was it to see this man,
When he came back to us a withered flower,
Or, like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
Down would he sit; and without strength and power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour.

Coleridge went back to London in 1806 to write for *The Courier*. He lectured likewise at the Royal Institution, till his health and his audience failed him. In 1809 he started *The Friend*, which was mismanaged and after twenty-seven numbers collapsed. In 1811-12 he lectured again with wonderful interpretative insight on Shakspere and Milton. There was a gleam of success when his old tragedy of *Osorio* was acted, but his new *Zapolyta* was

refused by the players. In 1816 Coleridge put himself under the care of Dr. Gillman, of the Grove, Highgate, London, and slowly won his way back from the depths of opium bondage to liberty and health.

Those Highgate days were essentially days of philosophy. The printed works of this period however are only a small part of the fructifying influence which Coleridge, chiefly by his conversation, exercised on contemporary thought. The records of his life and literary opinions he gathered into his Biographia Literaria, 1817. With the publication of Aids to Reflection, 1825, the world began to appreciate this neglected genius, and the sage of Highgate became the oracle of men like Maurice, Hallam, and even Carlyle. In November, 1833, feeling his end was approaching, he wrote his epitaph:—

Stop, Christian Passer-by !—Stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S.T.C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life. may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—
He ask'd and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same.

On the 25th of July, 1834, he died. They praised him in death, but it was too late.

# NOTES.

# COLERIDGE.

### THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Circumstances of composition and publication—In November, 1796, Coleridge had taken up his residence in Somersetshire in the village of Nether Stowey. Thither in July of the following year came Wordsworth to settle in Alfoxden, three miles distant, to be within reach of Coleridge's society. There the Aucient Mariner (A. M.) was planned and composed. The story of its origin is told in most detail by Wordsworth in a note to We are Seven, dictated to Miss Fenwick:—

"In the autumn of 1797 (spring of 1798, Knight) he [Coleridge], my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visiting Linton (Lenton, Knight) and the Valley of Stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to pay the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the "New Monthly Magazine," set up by Phillips, the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills [near Nether Stowey], towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the Awient Mariner, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank [a neighbour of the poet's]. Much the greater part of the

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story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I myself suggested: for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock's Voyages, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen (fifteen, Knight) feet: "Suppose," said I, "you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to revenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time. at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

> 'And listen'd like a three years' child; The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days....by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The Ancient Mariner grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited

to our expectations of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume.—*Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, i.107; Knight, i.198 f.

Coleridge's account shows the philosophic side. His conversation, he said, with Wordsworth often turned on "two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination.... The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence arrived at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real.... For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.... In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to poems and characters supernatural, or at least to romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.... With this view I wrote The Ancient Mariner, and was preparing among other poems, The Dark Ladie, and the Christabel.—Coleridge, Biographia Literaria, chap. xiv.

The very memorable volume in which Coleridge and Wordsworth thus collaborated was the *Lyrical Ballads*, published in Bristol and London in 1798.

The history of the text.—The A. M. in its present form shews the result of many years' changes and revisions. The first printed version of the poem, in *Lyrical Ballads*. 1798, was no sooner published than the work of revision began. Later editions show decided modifications. Already

in 1802 archaisms of spelling and language become rarer, and much of the grotesqueness and weakness of the original draft is pruned off. In Sibylline Leaves, 1817, these modifications are completed. The marginal gloss here first appears, and the motto from Burnet, and the poem with the exception of a few lines has attained its permanent form. In 1828 the poet collected and arranged his poems, and the text of the A.M. had its final revision. In 1829 was issued the last edition on which the poet bestowed his personal attention. There remained for the edition of 1835 only the reduction of the orthography, especially the use of capital letters, to present usage. Our text is therefore founded on the edition of 1829, while it follows the orthography of the edition of 1835.

The various modifications of the text, other than spelling and punctuation, are noted from the following editions:—

- (1) 1798, Lyrical Ballads, with a Few Other Poems. London, pp. 1-52.
- (2) 1892, Lyrical Ballads, with Pastoral and other Poems By William Wordsworth, London, 1892 (3rd edition). i. 143-189.
  - (3) 1805, the same (4th ed.)
- (4) 1817, Sibylline Leaves: A Collection of Poems. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq., London, 1817, pp. 1-39.
- (5) 1829, The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge....London, 1829. ii. 1-38.
  - (6) 1835, the same. London and Boston. 1835. ii. 1-27.

The gloss.—The marginal gloss, which is at times a summary, at times a commentary of the text, was, as we noted, entirely absent in the editions previous to 1817. On the other hand the earlier editions had the following Argument preceding the poem, which was afterwards incorporated into the gloss:—

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from there she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own country. 1798 ed., p. 3.

The Gloss, like the numerous archaisms of vocabulary, phrase, and construction contained in the poem, adds to its archaic character, making it a closer imitation of the older literature, in which marginal glosses abound.

Sources. As already noted, the kernel of the story-the vovage, and spectral persecution for killing the albatrossare Wordsworth's suggestion, due to Shelvocke's Voyage (see A. M. 63n.). Cruikshank's dream, already referred to, supplied the notion of a skeleton ship, manned by skeleton figures, though the legend of the Phantom Ship (A. M. 161n.) suggests many details. For the description of the Sea of Ice, and of the Pacific, C, drew on his reading.-Crantz's History of Greenland, etc. The power of fascination possessed by the Mariner was not unknown to the poet himself in his own conversation (Table Talk, i. 234n.). The Wedding Guest is the usual object of ghostly apparitions in the English and German literature of horrors contemporary with Coleridge, by which, especially in the A. M. 1798, he was not a little influenced. It has also been suggested (Brandl) that the witch in Macbeth, i. iii., who would sail in a sieve to persecute a mariner,-

> Shall he dwindle, peak and pine: Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tost,—

has kinship with Life-in-Death. Also that the navigation of the ship by the lonely Mariner, the aid of the angelic host, the arrival into port, and welcome by the boatmen, are all parallelled by the story that Paulinus of Nora told to Vicarius, Vice-Perfect of Rome (latter half of 4th cent.).

Influences much stronger and more certain than these last came from the ballad literature of Britain, in which Coleridge took a deep interest, along with most of his contemporaries in England and Germany. No more striking proof of the part taken in the rise of the Romantic Movement (see Introd.) by such collections as Percy's Reliques can be adduced than the way in which the phraseology and constructions and general style of the ballads are preserved in the A.M., one of the greatest products of the movement (see A. M. nn. for details).

To the ballad literature we owe likewise the metre of the poem. Only, where the ballads were irregular by carelessness, C. was irregular by art, using his variations to accord with the mood and substance of his subject. His use of sectional rime, too, while not unknown in the latest ballads shows the exquisite metrist rather than the writer of popular ballads.

Page 1. Title. The Rime, etc. In 1800-5, The Ancient Mariner, a Poet's Reverie.

The use of Rime with the meaning of tale in verse is archaic.

Other tales certes can [know] I noon [none]
But of a ryme I lerned longe agoon [ago].

—Chaucer, C. T., Sir Thopas, Prol.

(AS. rim, number, OFr. rime, verse, rime.)

The motto. Facile credo. Added in 1817. "I can easily believe, that there are more Invisible than Visible beings in the Universe .....; but who will declare to us the family of all these, and acquaint us with the Agreements, Differences, and peculiar Talents which are to be found among them? [What is their work? Where are their dwelling-places?] It is true, Human Wit has always desired a Knowledge of these Things, though it has never yet attained it.... I will own that it is very profitable, sometimes to contemplate in the Mind, as in a Draught, the Image of the greater and better World; lest the Soul being accustomed to the Trifles of this present Life, should contract itself too much, and altogether rest in mean Cogitations; but, in the mean Time, we must take Care to keep to the Truth, and observe Moderation,

that we may distinguish Certain from Uncertain Things, and Day from Night." Tr. of 2nd ed., by Mr. Mead and Mr. Foxton, Lond., 1736, p. 86 f.

Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715), from whose Archaelogiae Philosophica—a treatise on the Origin of Things—the extract is drawn, was Master of the Charter-house School and Chaplain to William III.; author likewise of other Latin works,—The Sacred Theory of the Earth, The Faith and Duties of Christians, etc.

### PART I.

1.1.—It is an ancient Mariner. This archaism is imitated from the ballads.

It was a Friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades.

— The Friar of Orders Gray, l. 1. (Percy's Reliques.)

It was a Knight in Scotland borne, etc.

—The Fair Flower of Northumberland, 1. 1. (Child's Ballads, i. 113.)

ancient. Suggesting not only aged but also belonging to olden times.

"It was a delicate thought to put the weird tale not into the author's own mouth, but into that of an ancient mariner, who relates it with dreamy recollection."—Brandl, p. 202.

1. 3.—By thy long gray beard. Swearing by the beard is not rare in older literature.

Touch. Swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.—Shakspere, As You Like It, 1. ii.

Cf. Richard of Almaigne, 11. 32, 38. (Percy's Reliques).

But here it is more than an expletive. It gives picturesque suggestion of the appearance of the Mariner without the effort of description.

- 1.3.—and glittering eye . 1798-1805, and thy glittering eye . The glitter of the eye characterizes some kinds of insanity.
  - 1. 4.-stopp'st thou me? 1798-1805, Stoppest me?
- 1.8.—May'st hear. This omission of "thou" is some what frequent in older literature in questions, and not unknown in statements. (Abbott, Shaks. Gr. §§241, 401.

### It was she

First told me thou wast mad; then [thou] cam'st in smiling.

— Twelfth Night, ii. iii. 121 f.

# Page 2. 1. 9. He holds him, etc. The 1798 ed. reads:

But still he holds the wedding-guest—
There was a Ship, quoth he—
"Nay, if thou's got a laughsome tale,
"Marinere! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
Quoth he, there was a Ship—
"Now get thee hance they gray-heard

"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!
Or my staff shall make thee skip."

11. 9, 13.—He holds him... He holds him. The repetition here and throughout the poem (see Il. 23 f, 25 f, 29 f, 68, etc.) should be noted as a leading stylistic peculiarity of the A.M. Though used by C. with infinitely greater effect and variety than it was used in the ballads, it has still its source in the ballad literature. Compare, for example,

And when the(y) came to Kyng Adlands halls,
Of red gold shone their weeds [garments].
And when they came to Kyng Adlands hall
Before the goodlye gate. etc.

—King Estmere, l. 31 ff. (Percy's Reliques.)

Now Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see [protect]!
And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe...
And here shee sends thee a ring of gold...

— The Child of Elle, Il. 13, 14, 21, 25. (Percy's Reliques.)

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all....

Late late yestreen [yester(day) even] I saw the new moone....

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit ....

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand.

-Sir Patrick Spence, Il. 21, 25, 33, 37. (Percy's Reliques.)

l. 11.—gray-beard loon. The loon is a water-fowl that affords, from its behaviour when frightened, a stock comparison for oddly-behaving people. Cf. "crazy as a loon."

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;

-The Heir of Linne, l. 69. (Percy's Reliques.)

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon.
—Shakspere, Macbeth, v. iii. 11.

1. 12.—eftsoons. A compound of eft, AS. eft, (ef. efter), again, after; and soon, AS.  $s\bar{o}ne$ , soon, with adverbial suffix s (cf. while, whiles):—soon after; or here, at once, 'forthwith.' An archaism from Spenser and the ballads:

Eftsoones he gan apply relief Of salves and med'cines.

-Spenser, F.Q., i. x. xxiv.

And eke the stout St. George eftsoon
He made the dragon follow.

—St. George for England, 1. 299 f. (Percy's Reliques.)

- 1. 15.—Three years' child.—1798, three year's child; 1817, 1829, three years child;
  - 1. 22.—drop. Put to sea with the ebbing tide.
- 1. 23.—kirk—The Scotch and Northern English form of church (AS. cyric), preserving the c's hard, while Midland and Southern English assibilated them.

The touches of Northern dialect in A.M. are significant proof of the influence of Northern ballad poetry. "There is scarcely," says Percy, "an old historical song or ballad, wherein a minstrel or harper appears but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been 'of the north countrye."

1.32.—bassoon. A reed-instrument, keyed like a clarinet, but blown from the side by a bent metal mouthpiece. It furnishes the bass for the wood wind-instruments, such

as the flutes. clarinets, etc. (Ital. bassone, augmentative of basso, low.)

Page 3. 1. 34.—Red as a rose. A stock comparison in the ballads.

Her cheeks were like the roses red,

-Dowsabell, 1. 92. (Percy's Reliques.)

l. 35.—goes. 1805, go

1. 37.—The wedding-guest he beat. The repetition of the subject is frequent in the ballads.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose.

-The Rising in the North, l. 109. (Percy's Reliques.)

Our king he kept a false stewarde.

-Sir Aldingar 1. 1. (Percy's Reliques.)

ll. 41-54.—And now the storm blast, etc.

1798. Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,

A Wind and Tempest strong!

For days and weeks it play'd us freaks—

Like Chaff we drove along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,

And it grew wond'rous cauld:

And Ice mast-high came floating by As green as Emerauld.

In 1802-5 the reading is nearer our text, but still lacks the splendid figure of 11. 45-50:—

But now the Northwind came more fierce. There came a Tempest strong!

And Southward still for days and weeks

Like Chaff we drove along.

And now there came both Mist and Snow, etc.

 46.—As who pursued, etc. This use of the relative who without antecedent is archaic.

And I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes farthest.

-Shakspere, Julius Caesar, i. iii. 119.

1. 47.—Still treads the shadow. "Still" has an archaic sense here, = ever. The shadow of his pursuing enemy already reaches his feet, but ever he presses on.

- 1. 55.—through the drifts the snowy clifts, etc. Clifts (cf. Is. lvii. 5) is a secondary form of cliff, showing the influence of cliff (secondary form of cleft). The light reflected from the snowy summits cast a desolate splendour through the great masses of floating ice.
- 1. 56.—sheen. Sheen is used, first, as an adjective, = bright (AS. scene, bright, shining), as in 1. 314; as a noun, —brightness, splendour, as here.
- 1. 57.—nor shapes....nor beasts. The 1798 text has the archaic form:

Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken.

**N**e for nor similarly was the first reading in ll. 116, 122, 158, 332, 441, 453, 543.

1. 57.—ken. (AS. cennan, to cause to know, from cann, know, can); here descry, see.

Page 4. 1. 62.—Like noises in a swound. In 1805 this read,

swound. An archaic or provincial form of swoon. Swoon is Mid. Eng. swoune, on which grew a d, as in sound (Fr. son), expound. etc. (Cf. the vulgar pronunciation drownd, gownd, etc.)

The basis of the simile is the excessive pulse, hammering in the ears, which sometimes precedes syncope. Noises, it is said also, are sometimes magnified during the attack.

My ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;

My brain with horrid tumult swims; etc.

—Coleridge, New Year's Ode.

1. 63.—albatross. See Circumstances of composition. The passage in Shelvocke's Voyage, which suggested the Albatross of our poem is as follows.—Captain Shelvocke is describing the coast of Patagonia.—"These (Pintado birds) were accompanied by Albitrosses, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some of them extending their wings 12 or 13 foot."

It is however more interesting to see that the suggestions of the ominous character of the albatross, its death at the hands of one of the crew, etc., are apparently directly drawn from the Voyage. After rounding Cape Horn, Captain Shelvocke continues: "One would think it impossible that any thing living could subsist in so rigid a climate; and indeed, we all observed, that we had not had the sight of one fish of any kind, since we were come to the Southward of the streights of le Mair. not one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black Albitross, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if lost himself, till Hatley (my second Captain) observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that the bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his colour, that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition, was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppress'd us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, after some fruitless attempts, at length, shot the Albitross, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it." p. 72 f.-A Voyage round the World, ....1719-22, by Capt. George Shelvocke, London, 1726.

For DeQuincey's ill-natured comment on this borrowing, see his Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets. Wordsworth casts doubt on the borrowing from Shelvocke. "which probably," he says, "Coleridge never saw." (Ed. 1852, notes.)

1. 65.—As if it had been.

1798. And an it were a Christian Soul

1. 67.—It ate the food, etc.

1798-1805. The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,

1. 69.—thunder-fit. Noise and commotion as of thunder.

1.76.—vespers. Here used either with its etymological sense,—Lat. vesper, evening; or by virtue of its meaning of the evening Church Service, figuratively for evening. Cf.

They are black vesper's pageants.
—Shakspere, Antony and Cleopatra, iv. xiv. 8.

1. 77.—Whiles. Cf. the adverbial s of "eftsoons," 1. 12 The form is archaic, used in the ballads, etc.

Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may.

For my lyff days ben [are] gan [gone].

— Chevy Chase, l. 52. (Percy's Reliques.)

1.82. I shot the albatross. Bassett quotes a sailor, speaking of an albatross: "If you shoot one and kill him, you may look out for squalls; but to catch him and let him die on deck is a different thing altogether."—Legends, etc., p. 449.

In the Danish Ballad of the Seafaring Men (Folk-Lore Record, iii. ii.), the sailors spare a dove that, as a spirit of God, brings them safely home while they sleep.

#### PART II.

Page 5. 1. 83.—rose upon the right. So the mariners of King Necos declared that "in sailing round Libya (Africa) they had the sun upon their right hand."—Herodotus, iv. 42. Coleridge suggests, probably from the experience of Captain Shelvocke, that the Mariner had rounded Cape Horn.

The repetition from 1. 25 ff., as if there were nothing else to notice, suggests the utter solitude of the sea.

1. 85.—Still hid in mist, etc.

1798. And broad as a weft upon the left

- 1. 90.—the mariner's hallo! 1817, 1829, the Mariners' hollo!
- 1. 91.—And I had done, etc. The use of "and" as an introductory word, and its frequent repetition are characteristic of the ballads.

And from her bended knee arose, And on her feet did stand: And casting up her eyes to heaven, Shee did for mercye calle; And drinking up the poyson stronge, Her life she lost withalls. And when that death, etc.

-Fair Rosamond, l. 179ff. (Percy's Reliquee.,

1.92.—'em. Not a contraction of "them," but the Mid. Eng. hem, AS. heom, dative pl. of the third pers. pronoun. Colloquial or archaic.

1, 95f.—Ah wretch ...to blow. These two lines were added in 1817.

1. 97.-like God's own head.

1802. Nor dim nor red, like an angel's head,

Construe with "uprist." The simile is a strong variation from Matt. xvii. 2; Rev. i. 16.

1. 98.—uprist. This is properly a present tense for "upriseth," as in

For when the sun uprist, then wol ye sprede [spread].

—Chaucer, Complaint of Mars, 1. 4.

But it was used likewise as a new weak past tense to uprise.

Aleyn up-rist, and thoughte, 'er that it dawe [grows day]
I woll [will] go crepen [creep] in by my felawe.

—Chaucer, The Reeve's Tale, 1, 329f.

Page 6. l. 103.—The fair breeze. 1798-1805, The breezes blew.

l. 104.—The furrow followed free. In 1817 Coleridge changed this line to

The furrow stream'd off free;

remarking in a foot-note: "In the former edition the line was

The furrow follow'd free:

but I had not been long on board a ship, before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the Wake appears like a brook flowing off from the stern." In 1828 Coleridge wisely returned to the more expressive line.

1. 110.—copper sky. Sky of a fiery red colour.

1. 117.—As idle as a painted ship, etc. The representation of figures in action, in painting and sculpture, is frequently referred to by the poets to indicate arrested action.

While, passing fair,
Like to a pictured image, voiceless there
Strove she [Iphigenia] to speak.

-Æschylus, Agamemnon, 1. 233ff. (Swanwick). His sword....seemed i' the air to stick

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood, And like a neutral to his will and matter Did nothing.

-Shakspere, Hamlet, ii. ii. 499ff.

So like a painted battle the war stood Silenced.

-Tennyson, The Coming of Arthur.

So saying, from the pavement he half rose, Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm, And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes As in a picture.

-Tennyson, Morte d'Arthur.

1. 120.—And all the boards. "And" in the sense of "and yet." Cf., for many instances, Edward's speech beginning,

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death, And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?  $-Richard\ III$ , ii. i.

l. 123.—The very deep. 1798-1805, The very deeps .

 125.—Yea, slimy things, etc. There is a first sketch of this description in an earlier poem.

> What time after long and pestful calms, With slimy shapes and miscreated life Poisoning the vast Pacific.

-Coleridge, The Destiny of Nations.

Page 7. 1. 127.—About, about, etc. There is a trace here of the witches' song in Macbeth.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about, etc.
—Shakspere, Macbeth, i. iii. 32 ff.

1. 127.—in reel and rout. Whirling about in confusion.

1. 128.—death-fires. A luminous appearance hovering over putrescent bodies, as in graveyards, is called a death-fire, or dead-light, corpse-light, corpse-candle.

Mighty armies of the dead

Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb.

-Coleridge, Ode to the Departing Year.

The appearance of these lights at sea portended drowning, or indicated the presence of drowned sailors.

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burned the distant wave.
Bluely as o'er some seaman's grave,
And fiery darts at intervals
Flew up all sparkling from the main.
—Southey, Lallah Rookh, The Fire Worshippers.

l. 129f.—water .... burnt. See l. 274 n. This phosphorescence of the sea is termed Fire-burn or Sea-candles in Scotch. In Provence the sea is said to burn,—La mar cremo.

The description is apparently drawn from the following: "During a calm....some parts of the sea seemed covered with a kind of slime; and some small sea animals were swimming about. The most conspicuous of which were of the gelatinous, or medusa kind, almost globular; and another sort smaller, that had a white, or shining appearance, and were very numerous. Some of these last were taken up, and put into a glass cup, with some salt water, in which they appeared like small scales, or bits of silver, when at rest.... When they began to swim about, .... they emitted the brightest colours of the most precious gems, according to their position with respect to the light. Sometimes they appeared quite pellucid, at other times assuming various tints of blue, from a pale sapphirine, to a deep violet colour, which were frequently mixed with a ruby or opaline redness, and glowed with a strength sufficient to illuminate the vessel and water. These colours appeared most vivid, when the glass was held to a strong light; and mostly vanished, on the subsiding of the animals to the bottom, when they had a brownish cast. But,

with candle light, the colour was, chiefly, a beautiful, pale green, tinged with a burnished gloss; and, in the dark, it had a faint appearance of glowing fire."—A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean....by Captain James Cook. Lond., 1784, vol. ii. p. 257: bk. iii. ch. 13.

1. 129.—a witch's oils, etc. Probably a picturesque invention of the poet's, based on the superstition that fires change colour on the approach of spirits.

1. 132. (gloss) Josephus. Flavius Josephus (Joseph ben Matthias) (37 A.D.-97 or 100), governor of Galilee during the Roman conquest of Palestine, friend of the emperor Titus, who made him a Roman citizen and gave him a palace at Rome. The works of Josephus are: A History of the War of the Jews against the Romans and The Antiquities of the Jews. In Titus's speech to his soldiers, he asserts that those who die in battle "become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves to their posterity afterwards."—War of the Jews, vi. i. Spirits appeared also before the destruction of Jerusalem, id. vi. 5. A passing allusion is also in Antiq. Jews, viii. 2. But there is little about demons in Josephus. Medieval conceptions are more in harmony with the gloss.

Psellus. Michael Constantine Psellus (1020-1105 or 1110) was born in Constantinople ('the Constantinopolitan'), where he "taught philosophy, rhetoric, and dialectic with the greatest success, and was honoured with the title of 'Prince of Philosophers' by the emperors." Gaulminus in his Dedicatio speaks of P. as "Platonicae disciplinae studiosissimus" ('the Platonic'). His works are most numerous, forming commentaries to Aristotle, treatises on the sciences, including alchemy. The work C. specially referred to is περὶ ἐνεργείας δαιμόνων διάλογος—(Dialogue Concerning the Work of Spirits), edited by Gaulminus 1615, and Boissonade, 1838, and translated into Latin by Petrus Morellus, Paris, 1577.

C. may have got the suggestion of these names in this

connection from Burnet, or more likely from Burton, An atomy of Melancholy, i. ii. mem. 1, subs. 2.

l. 139.—Well a-day. In 1798, wel-a-day! 1802, 1805, well-a-day!

The ballad poetry is fond of this interjection.

'Now welladay!' sayth Joan o' the Scales:

'Now welladay! and woe to my life!'

-The Heir of Linne, ll. 121-2. (Percy's Reliques).

It is an archaic interjection of grief, corrupted in form from wellaway under the influence of day.

But welaway! to fer be they to feeche.

—Chancer, Anelida and Arcite, 1, 338.

Welaway = AS, wā lā wā! literally, woe lo woe, alas.

### PART III.

Page 8. ll. 143-149.—There passed a weary time. First appears in 1817 ed.

1798. I saw a something in the Sky
No bigger than my fist;

At first it seem'd a little speck, etc.

1802, 1805. "So past a weary time, each throat
Was parch'd, and glaz'd each eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first, etc.

1. 152. I wist Indeed, certainly. The  $\Delta S$ . gewiss, certainly, surely, became Mid. Eng. ywiss, i-wiss. I-wiss was confused with wit (AS. witan. to know), past tense wist, and hence was written as here I wist. or more frequently, I wiss.

l. 155.—As if it, etc.

1798. And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,

water-sprite. Sprite, a second form of spirit The water-sprites are

Spirits that have o're water gouvernment, Are to Mankinde alike malevolent:

They trouble Seas, Flouds, Rivers, Brookes, and Wels,

Meeres, Lakes, and love t' enhabit watery Cels....

-Heywood, Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, bk. vili. p. 307

See Scott, Border Minstrelsy, Introd. to The Young Tamlane.

1. 155.—tacked and veered. The vessel pursued an erratic course, advancing now in zig-zag courses against the wind, and again running before it, with the wind now on one side, now on the other.

1. 157.—with black lips baked. Cf. "Our skin was black like an oven because of the terrible famine."—Lament. of Jeremiah, v. 10.

l. 159.—Through utter drought, etc.

1798. Then while thro' drouth all dumb we stood.

l. 161.—A sail! a sail! The description of the skeleton ship constantly suggests the Phantom Ship of maritime superstition. Marryat's version in the Phantom Ship is well known. The original story is that of a Dutch Captain who swore he would round Cape Horn against a headgale. The storm increased; he swore the louder; threw overboard those who tried to dissuade him; cursed God, and was condemned to sail on for ever without hope of port or respite. Bechstein, Deutches Sagenbuch, gives a different version, which has features in common with the A.M. Falkenberg, for murder of his brother, is condemned to sail a spectral bark, attended only by his good and his evil spirit, who play dice for his soul. Playing dice (cf. l. 196) with Death or the Devil, for a man's soul, is a superstition that often figures in medieval art.

The notion that the ship could sail in spite of wind and tide (Il. 155, 169, 175) is common to all accounts of the Phantom Ship.

Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form Shoots like a meteor through the storm;

When the dark scud comes driving hard. And lowered is every topsail vard. And canvas, wove in earthly looms, No more to brave the storm presumes! Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky, Top and topgallant hoisted high, Full spread and crowded every sail, The Demon Frigate braves the gale; And well the doom'd spectators know The harbinger of wreck and woe.

-Scott, Rokeby, it. 11.

The appearance of the phantom ship in the A.M. is likewise followed by disaster, 1. 212ff. See also Longfellow, Tales of a Wayside Inn, "The Ballad of Carmilhan"; Bassett, Legends... of the Sea and Sailors.

Page 9. 1. 164.—Gramercy. Mid. Eng. gramercy, grant mercy, from Fr. grant merci, great thanks. Originally ap expression of thanks, mingled with surprise. Here it be comes a mere interjection of surprise. In the ballads,-

> Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne, Thy counsell well it liketh mee.

Gramercy now, my children deare -The Rising in the North, 11. 61, 62, 73, (Percy's Reliques).

1. 164.—They for joy did grin. "I took the thought of grinning for joy .... from poor Burnett's (a Unitarian preacher) remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me. 'You grinned like an idiot!' He had done the same."-Coleridge, Table Talk. May 31st, 1830.

1. 167.—See! See!

1798. She doth not tack from side to side-

1. 169.—Without a breeze, etc.

Withouten wind, withouten tide

1. 170.—Steadies with upright keel. Moves on steadily,

not bent over by wind. "Upright" describes the keel's depth. "With even keel" is the more customary phrase.

1. 171.—a-flame. 1798-1805, a flame,

1.176.—Betwixt. An archaic and provincial word, between. (AS. betweens, betwyx, between, from be+tweex, by two,—consequently going back to the same elements as "between," AS. betweenum.)

1. 178.—Heaven's Mother. One of the many names of of the Virgin. See 1. 298 note. Ejaculations of this sort are not rare in the ballads.

1. 183.—her sails. 1798-1817. her sails. So her in 1. 185.

1. 184.—gossameres. Gossamers, filmy cobwebs of small spiders, found on low bushes or floating in long threads in the air, especially in autumn. (Mid. Eng. gossomer, lit. goose-summer, the down of summer.)

1. 185 ff.—Are those her ribs.

1738. Are those her naked ribs, which fleck'd

The sun that did behind them peer?

And are those two all, all her crew,

That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

1802-5 have the reading of the text, save that Il. 188, 189 read

And are those two all, all her crew, That Woman, and her Mate?

1798 then continues with the following stanza. which is likewise in 1802-5, with the last line, however, reading, They were.

His bones were black with many a crack, All black and bare, I ween; Jet-black and bare, save where with rust Of mouldy damps and charnel crust They're patch'd with purple and green.

1. 188.—a Death. A skeleton endued with life. (Named from its symbolizing death.)

1. 189.—Is Death, etc. Following this stanza there is found, written by the poet's hand on a copy of the 1798

ed, the following stanza, which was first printed in Macmillan's ed., 1880.

> This Ship it was a plankless thing, A bare Anatomy! A plankless Spectre—and it moved Like a Being of the Sea! The woman and a fleshless man Therein sat merrily.

Page 10. l. 190ff. — Her lips were red, etc. 1798 uses present tenses, are, are, is, in ll. 190-192. Her in l. 190, in all edd. 1798-1829.

l. 193.-The Night-mare, etc.

1798. And she is (1802-5, was) far liker Death than he; Her flesh makes (1802-5, made) the still air cold.

Night-mare. Conceived as an incubus or demon oppressing sleepers. (AS. mare, hence not connected with Mod. Eng. mare, AS. mearh, horse, steed.)

1. 193. - Life-in-Death. Cf. C.'s own epitaph:

That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.

C. had his own fate in mind when he added in the 1817 ed. this idea of Life-in-Death.

The living death comes only on the Mariner (l. 197), who feels its approach, with fear at his heart (l. 204).

l. 196.—the twain. Archaic, couple, two. (AS. twegen is the mase. corresponding to neut. twa, two, which has been generalized.

casting. 1798-1805, playing.

l. 197.—I'we, I'we won. So in 1817, 1829, 1835. The editions 1798-1805, read

"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"

It is therefore quite certain that the more usual reading, depending only on the early editions, 1798-1805, is not what Coloridge finally approved. The reading "I've, I've won" has, moreover, the merit of throwing the accent where it rhetorically belongs.

1. 198.—and whistles thrice. 1798-1805, whistled. Not without meaning to the superstitious sailor. Except in a calm, whistling is ominous work, likely to bring on a storm. And a whistling woman—

A whistling woman and a crowing hen Are neither fit for God nor men.

"Our sailors, I am told, at this very day (I mean the vulgar sort) have a strange opinion of the devil's power and agency in stirring up winds, and that is the reason they so seldom whistle on shipboard, esteeming it to be a mockery, and consequently an enraging of the devil."—Dr. Pegge, Gentleman's Mag., 1763.

It will be noticed (Il. 2, 76, 198, 261) that C. uses numbers, as they are used in the bible, in the classics, and in popular superstition, for the sake of mysterious suggestion. Cf.

The night-birdes scream'd a cry of dreade,
The death-belle thrice did ring;
And thrice at Arthur's window bars
A raven flapp'd its wing.

— The Murder of Prince Arthur, Evans, iv. 118.

She had three lilies in her hand And the stars in her hair were seven.

-Rossetti, The Blessed Damozel.

ll. 199-211.—The sun's rim dips, etc. Night in the Tropics descending without twilight is here matchlessly depicted.

These stanzas are represented in 1798 by the following:-

A gust of wind sterte up behind And whistled thro' his bones; Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea Off darts the Spectre-ship; While clombe above the Eastern bar The horned Moon, with one bright Star Almost atween the tips.

So in 1802-5, with slight changes,—the hole of his eyes, between the tips. 1817 follows (i) 1798 and (ii) 1805, but in

Errata, the poet asks the erasure of the stanza, A gust of wind.

1. 209.—clomb. An archaism. The verb is strong in AS., usually strong in Mid. Eng., but weak in Mod. Eng.

1. 210.—moon, with one bright star. A MS. note of C.'s to this line is first printed in Macmillan's ed., 1880:—"It is a common superstition among sailors that something dire is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon."

1. 211.—nether. (AS. neothera, lower.) Lower; under. 1. 212f.—One after one, etc.

1798-1805. One after one by the horned Moon
(Listen, O Stranger! to me)
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang
And curs'd me with his ee.

1. 213.—quick. This has been explained as living, as in "the quick and the dead." This stanza, however, has close relation with the following, the two depicting the death of the crew, as one by one they curse the Mariner and drop down. It is possible that "quick" has its usual meaning. Death and Life-in-Death at once seize on their own, and the crew have time only to curse him with a glance as they die.

Page II. l. 217.—And I heard, etc.

1798-1802. With never a sigh or groan.

1. 223.—like the whizz. Remorse makes each death a reminder of his crime. Imitations of the line are

The gloomy brewer's [Cromwell] soul Went by me, like a stork.

-Tennyson, The Talking Oak.

And the souls mounting up to God Went by her like thin flames.

-Rossetti, The Blessed Damozel.

#### PART IV.

1. 227.—the ribbed sea-sand. C.'s note to this line appears in the 1817 ed., when first the poem was publisled

under his own name. Nether Stowey and Dulverton are in Somerset; see p. 177f.

The figure is in the ballads,-

Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea.

-Lord Soulis. (Border Minstrelsy.)

Page 12. l. 234.—And never a saint, etc.

1798-1805. And Christ would take no pity on

1. 238.—And a thousand, etc.

1798-1805. And a million million slimy things

- 1. 242.—rotting. 1798, eldritch, weird, ghastly, hideous,
  —a common ballad word, see Sir Cauline (Percy's Reliques.)
- 1. 245.—or ever. Before ever, ere. Archaic; see Daniel vi. 24; Eccl. xii. 6, and the ballads.
  - 1. 247.—heart as dry as dust.

The good die first,

But they whose hearts are dry as summer dust

Burn to the socket.

-Wordsworth, Excursion, i.

- l. 251.—Like a load. 1817, like a cloud, but corrected in Errata: for cloud read load.
  - 1. 252.—the dead were at my feet.

Have owre [half over], have ower to Aberdour,

It's fiftie fadom deip:

And thair lies gud Sir Patrick Spence, Wi'the Scots lords at his feit [feet].

-Sir Patrick Spence, 1, 41ff. (Percy's Reliques.)

- 1. 254.—reek. AS.  $r\bar{e}can$ , to smoke; here, a secondary sense, to smell.
- Page 13. 1. 267f.—bemocked the sultry main, etc. The cold rays of moonlight, spread like hoar-frost, were a mocking contrast to the sultriness of the ocean.
  - l. 268.—Like April hoar-frost spread.

1798. Like morning frosts yspread;

- 1. 270. alway. Archaic, -always.
- 1. 270.—charmed water. As if under magical influence (L. carmen, incantation); cf. 1. 129.

1 273.—water-snakes. C. seems to have consulted various zoological works; for the note-book of this date contains long paragraphs upon alligators, boas and crocodiles of antediluvian times." (Brandl, p. 202.)

1. 274.—tracks of shining white. See l. 129f.n. Referring to the phosphorescent gleam of the sea (or more properly the animalculæ in the sea) particularly noticeable when the surface is disturbed. Scott imitates C. in,

Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightings of the wave;
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre lave, etc.

-Lord of the Isles, i. xxi.

remarking in a note:—"The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire.... At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting from the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness."

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times With wakes of fire we tore the dark.

-Tennyson, The Voyage.

1. 282ff.—O happy living things! etc. C., in making the Mariner find through love of the lower animals a partial release from punishment for his wanton cruelty to a bird, is here in close touch with his age. Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, all show keen sympathy for the sufferings of the humblest animals. C. in his early career addressed a poem even to a Young Ass,—

Innocent Fool! Thou poor, despised forlorn, I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn.

"The more the landscape poets of what may be called the century of humanity penetrated into the secrets of earth and air, the more they sympathized with the lower creatures of nature, and demanded for all and each a fitting lot." (Brandl, p. 97.)

Page 14. l. 288ff.—I could pray. This is the medieval notion that prayer wrought release from curses and from the power of demons. But here humanity, love, alone make prayer possible and efficacious—a very modern notion.

### PART V.

1. 292f.—Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing. See Wordsworth, To Sleep, Introd. Notes. Cf.

For she belike hath drunken deep Of all the blessedness of sleep.

-Coleridge, Christabel.

294.—To Mary Queen, etc. So printed in edd. 1817ff.
 1798. To Mary-queen the praise be yeven [arch., given].

Mary Queen (of heaven), cf.

O Mary Mother, be not loth
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seëst and mayst not be seen!
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary Virgin, full of grace.

-Rossetti, Ave.

1. 296.— sleep .... that slid. Older English literature abounds in a related notion,—that of sliding into sleep.

1. 297.—the silly buckets. "Silly" has here its original meaning of blessed, fortunate, AS. sælig, Mid. Eng. seely. The epithet shows the gush of love that has filled the Mariner's heart. Some explain it as weak, frail, in imitation of,

After long storms....
With which my silly bark was toss'd,
—Spenser.

Page 15. 1. 302.—dank. (Swed. dank, marshy ground.) Damp and cold.

- 1. 303.—drunken. Archaic in its participial use.
- 1. 308.—blessed. Enjoying the happiness of heaven.

1. 309.—And soon I heard, etc.

1798. The roaring wind! it roar'd far off.

1.310.—anear. Near. A form of near, possibly imitated from afar=on (of) far. This instance of its use (= near) is the earliest given in the New Eng. Dict.

l. 311f.—sails, That were so thin and sere. So in Shelvocke's *Voyage*. When the Captain reached California. he found "at best our sails and riggings were hardly ever fit to cope with a brisk gale, and were now grown so very thin and rotten." etc., p. 432.

l. 314.—fire-flags. Poetical and archaic,—flashes of lightning.

sheen. See l. 56n.

1. 315ff.—were. 1798, are. It has the present tense also in 11. 317, dance on; 318, doth; 319, do; 320, pours; 321, and the Moon is . 322f. read,

Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft, And the moon is at its s'de:

Page 16. 1. 327f.—The loud wind, etc.

1798. The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd And dropp'd down, like a stone!

1. 334.—To have seen. More correctly, To see.

1. 337.—'gan. Cf. l. 385. Mid. Eng. ginnen, an aphetic form of AS. onginnan, to begin. Modern usuage marks 'gin, 'gan. as if abbreviations of begin. began. Frequent in ballad poetry.

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:

—Sir Cauline, l. 25f. (Percy's Reliques.)

1. 344.—But he said nought to me. Following this line. 1798 reads,

And I quak'd to think of my own voice How frightful it would be.

11. 345-8.—I fear thee... blest. Not in the 1798 ed.

Page 17. l. 348.—corses. Mid. Eng. cors, from OFr. cors, Lat. corpus. In the fourteenth cent. the French cors became corps under influence of the Latin original. English followed, and made over cors into corps(e). From 1500 p began to be sounded. This pronunciation finally prevailed, making corse archaic and poetic.

1. 350.—For when it dawn'd. 1798, The daylight dawn'd.

1. 359.—the sky-lark sing. 1798, the lavrock sing. (Lavrock is Northern dialect for lark.) Brandl remarks (p. 202), on the introduction of these touches of nature:—"Coleridge also repeats ideas from his own songs, as he makes the contrite singer hear the song of the skylark, and the noise of a hidden brook; all is apparently only accessory, but it gives the ballad its chief charm."

For the epithet "a-dropping from the sky," see introductory notes to Wordsworth's Sky|ark.

1.362.—jargoning. OFr. jargon is precisely the singing of birds.

1. 364.—like a lonely flute. Cf. Evangeline, 1. 1055.

Page 18. 1, 372.—Singeth a quiet tune. Between this line and the following are found in the 1798 ed. these stanzas:—

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!

" Marinere! thou hast my will:

"For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make "My body and soul to be still."

Never sadder tale was told
To a man of woman born:
Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!
Thou'lt rise to morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard
By a man of woman born:
The Marineres all return'd to work
As silent as beforne.

The Marineres all 'gan pull the ropes, But look at me they n'old [would not]: Thought I, I am as thin as air-

They cannot me behold.

1. 879.—slid. Cf. l. 291. Frequently used of passing smoothly, especially by Tennyson:—

Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where you broad water slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

-Tennyson, Requisscat.

- 1. 888f.—The sun right up above the mast. The ship has reached the equator, and the power of the Polar Spirit ceases. The ship tosses there till the demand of the Spirit for vengeance is appeared, when, freed from his power, it darts northward.
  - l. 392.—down in. 1798-1805, into.
- 1. 394.—I have not to declare. I have not the knowledge to enable me to declare.
  - 1. 395 .- living. Conscious.

Page 19. l. 399.—By Him who died, etc. An oath of the ballads,—

This is a mery morning, seid Litull John, Be hym that dyed on tre [cross].

-Robin Hood and the Mo.ik, l. 13f.

1. 407.—honey-dew. A sugary substance found on the leaves of trees in drops like dew, exuded from plant-lice, or from leaves during hot weather, sometimes dripping from them as "manna"; much liked by bees and ants.

Close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

-Coleridge, Kubla Khan.

#### PART VI.

Page 20. 1. 416.—his great bright eye. Cf.

The broad, open eye of the solitary sky.

-Wordsworth, Stray Pleasures.

1. 423.-Without or wave or wind?

1798. Withouten wave or wind?

1. 426.—fly!...high...belated. It is to be supposed the spirits are to return to some celestial goal, for which they here depart.

1. 435.— charnel-dungeon. Charnel (Fr. charnel, late Lat. carnale, from carn-em, flesh), a chapel or house for the dead:— "Facing this (Paul's) cross stood the charnel, in which the bodies of the dead were...piled together." Entick, London, iv, 119 (New Eng. Dict.); hence "charnel-dungeon," a vault or dungeon for dead bodies. Milton has "charnel-vaults and sepulchres," Comus, 471. Cf.

Ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng.

—Beattle, Minstrel, L xxxii.

Page 21. 1. 440.—eyes. 1798, een. 1. 442.—And now this spell, etc.

1798. And in its time the spell was snapt,
And I could move my een:
I look'd, etc.

1. 452.—breathed a wind on me. Contrast the wind in 1. 309ff. Even this one, sweet and gentle as it is, recalls the horror of the earlier scene (see 1. 458).

l. 455.—in shade. An earthly wind darkens the water by casting up ripples that break the reflection of the light.

Little breezes dusk and shiver.

—Tennyson, The Lady of Shalott.

Page 22. l. 466.—countree. In edd. 1798-1805 the accent is marked in this line and in ll. 518, 570, countrée. This accentuation of the final syllable is the original accentuation (Fr. contrée); it is common in older poetry, and characterizes as well the archaic ballads. This foreign accent even affected at times the accentuation of native words.

Despraise her not to me,
For better I love your little finger
Than I do her whole body'.

—Lord Thomasine and Fair Ellinor. (Thomson, p. 32.)

But none was soe comelye as pretty Bessée.

-Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green, l. 4. (Percy's Reliques.)

1. 473.—strewn. Outspread.

1. 475.—And the shadow of the moon. Shadow, reflection. 1798 here contains a number of stanzas of interest as affording some explanation of 1. 482.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow These dark-red shadows were; But soon I saw that my own flesh Was red as in a glare,

I turn'd my head in fear and dread, And by the holy rood, The bodies had advanc'd, and now Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms.

They held them strait and tight;
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,
A torch that's borne upright.
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away Forth looking as before. There was no breeze upon the bay, No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, etc.

1. 482. -shadows. Shades, spirits.

Page 23. 1. 487.—Oh, Christ! etc. Cf.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see.

- Chevy Chase (Modern). (Percy's Reliques.)

489.—by the holy rood! An oath from the ballads.
 Robin replied, now by the rude [rood].
 -Robin and Makyne, I. 9. (Percy's Reliques.)

The rood is the cross of Christ. AS. rod. cross.

Page 23. l. 490.—A seraph-man. Seraphs are winged angels of the highest order, worshipping Jehovah and acting as his messengers and ministers through the earth. (Heb. sāraph, burn.)

Seraph, if we but retyre

To the words force, importeth nought save Fire.

-Heywood, Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, p. 217.

- 1. 500.—But soon. 1798, Eftsones.
- 1. 501.—cheer. Hail.
- 1. 503.—And I saw a boat appear. 1798 continues,—

Then vanished all the lovely lights;
The bodies rose anew:
With silent pace, each to his place,
Came back the ghastly crew.
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
On me alone it blew.

But in a copy of the 1798 ed., this stanza is crossed out, and the following substituted on the margin,—

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,
The spirits of the air,
No souls of mortal men were they,
But spirits bright and fair.
(First published in Macmillan's ed., 1880.)

- 1. 509.—the hermit. The picturesque personage of the hermit is frequently found in the ballads (See Evans, vol. iv.)
- Page 24. l. 512.—shrieve. An obsolete form of shrive (AS. scrifan, to prescribe penance). To hear confession. impose penance. and grant absolution of sin. In Spenser, Shepheard's Calendar, August, shrieve rimes with eve.

It fell upon a holly eve, Hey, ho, hollidaye! When holly fathers wont to shrieve; Now gynneth this roundelaye.

### PART VII.

1. 517.—marineres. This is the usual spelling throughout A.M., 1798, and is retained here because of the rime.

1. 524.—I trow (properly,  $tr\bar{o}$ ). (AS.  $tr\bar{e}owian$ , to trust.) I think, I suppose.

Gallant men I trow you bee:
-The Rising in the North, l. 66. (Percy's Reliques.)

1. 529.—The planks look warped! This is the reading 1798-1805, and undoubtedly correct; yet 1817-1835 read

The planks looked warp'd!

and are followed by almost every later edition.

Page 25. l. 533.—Brown skeletons. 1798-1817 read, The skeletons; but Errata in 1817: for The r. Brown.

1. 535.-ivy-tod. A thick bush, usually of ivy.

At length within the yvie todde,
(There shrouded was the little god)
I heard a busie bustling.

Spensor Shap Caland

-Spenser, Shop. Calend., March.

And, like an owle, by night to goe abroad, Roosted all day within an ivie tod. -Drayton, Poems, p. 254 (ed. 1637). So also Scott, Antiq., xxl.

1. 552.—Like one that hath been seven days drowned. "The bodies of those who were drowned, but not recovered, were supposed to come to the surface of the water on the ninth day."—Gregor, Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland, p. 208. In the south decomposition would set in earlier and shorten the time when the body would float.

Page 26. l. 559.—telling of the sound. Resounding, echoing. l. 570.—all in my own countree. 1798, mine own countree. "All in" constitutes a poetical phrase, usually introducing a scenic or local touch:

All in the blue unclouded weather,

Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.

—Tennyson, The Lady of Shalott.

All in an oriel on the summer side,

Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace...they met.

—Tennyson, Lancelot and Elaine.

1. 575.—crossed his brow. The sign of the cross, holy water, prayers, the name of God or of Christ were all destructive of Satanic power.

The Crosses signe (saith Athanasius) they
Cannot endure, it puts them to dismay.

—Heywood, Hierarchie of the blessed Angels, bk. ix. p. 581.

1. 577.—What manner of man. 1798-1805 have the more archaic reading,

What manner man art thou?

Page 27. 1. 582ff.—Since then, etc.

1798. Since then, at an uncertain hour

Now often and now fewer,

That anguish comes and makes me tell

My ghastly adventure.

1. 586.—I pass, like night, from land to land. There is here a touch of the medieval legend of the Wandering Jew.

Page 28. l. 610ff.—but this I tell, etc. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the Ancient Mariner very much, but that there were two faults in it.—it was improbable, and had a moral. As for the improbability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale."—Coleridge, Table Talk, May 31, 1830.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

# MEMOIR OF WORDSWORTH

RΥ

# WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., Honorary LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

The place of Wordsworth in the foremost rank of English poets is now established beyond all question. Critics will always differ as to the exact order in which our foremost poets are to be ranged. Whilst Shakespeare holds the post of pre-eminence unquestioned, and Milton is generally put next, although some claim the third place

for Spenser, there are many who will place Wordsworth next to Milton, and the general consent will put few between them. If Wordsworth were to be judged only by his highest flights, hardly any place could be too exalted to assign to him; if judged by the whole bulk of his poetry, he must stand lower. Few poets have risen to so eminent a poetic height; no great poet has written so much which is unworthy of his genius. It must be acknowledged that hardly any poet has ever been so independent and self-sufficing. It might be argued that the mighty Shakespeare himself was-more largely influenced by his contemporaries than was Wordsworth.

The Poet was the son of John Wordsworth, a solicitor and agent to Mr. Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. He was born on the 7th day of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, a small town situated at the confluence of the Cocker and the Derwent, on the borders of that lake district which he was afterwards to render so famous. Scott was one year younger, Coleridge two years, and Southey four. In speaking of the comparative independence of Wordsworth's genius, it would be a great mistake to ignore the great forces, literary and political, which were operating during his life. He was nineteen years of age when the great French Revolution broke out; and he, as well as Southey and Coleridge, at first regarded the explosion with sympathy and hopefulness, if afterwards they were strong in their denunciations of it. Both states of mind are quite intelligible; and the taunts and jibes of Byron and others, directed against the "Lakers" as turncoats; were unreasonable and absurd.

No less remarkable were the literary influences than the political. Pope was dead only twenty-six years, and his authority was already a thing of the past. Gray died the year after Wordsworth was born. Although Wordsworth has been called the High Priest of Nature, he was not the first to herald the return from the artificiality of the period of Queen Anne. Cowper, born forty years earlier, and Burns eleven, had both contributed powerfully to the restoration of more natural forms of thought and expression. We shall presently have to notice the influence of Coleridge also.

As a child, according to his own statement, Wordsworth was "of a stiff, moody, violent temper," and his mother, while declaring that his future life would be remarkable for good or evil, also said that he was the only one of her five children about whose future she was anxious. She died when William was only eight years of age; and he was sent to school at the small market town of Hawkshead in the north-eastern corner of Lancashire, only a few miles from Ambleside. We learn from the "Prelude" that even in these early days he had begun to feel the power of nature:

"Ye mountains and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was born,
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
With God and Nature communing. removed
From little enmities and low desires—
The gift is yours."

No words can better describe the spirit and manner of the poet's life or the influences by which he was moulded. When he was fourteen, his father died, and from that time his education became the care of his two uncles, by whom he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, when he was in his eighteenth year, and he took his Bachelor's degree in 1791.

During one of his Cambridge vacations Wordsworth made a pedestrian tour on the Continent, in company with a Mr. Jones, an undergraduate of the same university. It was the hopeful era of the great Revolution, and the sympathies and hopes of the Poet were enlisted on its side. He tells us of his meeting with a number of deputies who had been sitting in the National Assembly at Paris:

"In this proud company
We landed—took with them our evening meal,
Guests welcome almost as the angels were
To Abraham of old. The supper done,
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring,
And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board;
All hearts were open, every tongue was loud
With amity and glee."

It was not long before this period of sunshine was obscured by gathering clouds; and, when Wordsworth returned to France in 1791, after taking his degree, he became involved with the Girondins, and he says himself that it was probably only through circumstances which necessitated his return to England that he escaped the guillotine.

Wordsworth's first publication was in 1793, when he put forth "Descriptive Sketches" and "An Evening Walk." The volume, if it made no great stir among the public at large, deeply impressed one who was destined to be the only potent literary influence in Wordsworth's life, and who probably received from him more than he imparted, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "Seldom, if ever," he declares, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

In 1795 the Poet took up his residence with his sister Dora at Racedown in Dorsetshire; and whilst there he



ESTHWAITE LAKE AND WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS, HAWKSHEAD.

wrote "Guilt and Sorrow" and the "Borderers," a tragedy, neither of which was published until many years afterwards, except a portion of "Guilt and Sorrow," which was put forth under the title of "The Female Vagrant," in 1798. It is generally agreed that the tragedy proved conclusively Wordsworth's lack of dramatic power; but the "Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree," written about the same time and published in 1798, contain within them the promise of true poetic greatness. The "Ruined Cottage," which is now a part of Book I. of "The Excursion," the story of Margaret, was written about the same time, and is declared by Coleridge to be "superior to anything in our language which in any way resembles it."

It was at this time that Wordsworth made the acquaintance of Coleridge; and in order to be near him, he removed, in 1797, to Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, under the shadow of the Quantock Hills. In the same year the two poets, together with Wordsworth's sister, took a pedestrian tour through the west of England, which resulted in the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798, followed by a second and enlarged edition in 1800. It was the joint production of Coleridge and Wordsworth, the former of whom wrote four of the poems, and the latter eighteen. The volume began with Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner,"

and ended with Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." Among the other poems included in this collection were Coleridge's "Foster-Mother's Tale" and "The Nightingale," and Wordsworth's "We are Seven," "The Thorn," "The Last of the Flock," and the "The Idiot Boy." The second volume contained four of the poems on Lucy, written in 1799. The remaining poem, which begins "I travelled among unknown men," seems to have been written about the same time, but was not published until 1807. These poems are of surpassing beauty, and the best of them are found in this collection. In the issue of 1800 were also included "Ruth," "Lucy Gray," "Matthew," "The Pet Lamb," and others.

If the first publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" was received with a mingled feeling of disregard and contempt, the Essay which accompanied the second volume aroused the rage of the critics; for it was a declaration that the style adopted in the poems was no matter of accident, but the result and expression of a principle. "The principal object," said Wordsworth, "proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate and describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language." Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," declares that the outcry against the poems was caused not so much by the contents, for, he says, "the removal of less than a hundred lines would have precluded ninetenths of the criticism of this work.

"In the critical remarks, therefore," he goes on, "prefixed and annexed to the 'Lyrical Ballads,' I believe, we may safely rest, as the true origin of the unexampled opposition which Mr. Wordsworth's writings have been since doomed to encounter. The humbler passages in the poems themselves were dwelt on and cited to justify the rejection of the theory. What in and for themselves would have been either forgotten or forgiven as imperfections, or at least comparative failures, provoked direct hostility when announced as intentional, as the result of choice after full deliberation. Thus the poems, admitted by all as excellent, joined with those which had pleased a far greater number, though they formed two-thirds of the whole work, instead of being deemed an atonement for the few exceptions, gave wind and fuel to the animosity against both the poems and the poet."

It must be confessed that both in these early poems and also in some of his later writings, Wordsworth put a considerable strain upon his theory and upon the prejudices of his readers. In the striving after simplicity the poet does, beyond all question, now and then descend to what an irreverent critic would call twaddle or namby-pamby. Yet, for all that, it cannot be denied that Wordsworth has triumphed. Ridiculed not only by the powerful pen of Byron but by the acknowledged leaders of criticism in his own day, he kept on his steadfast way until he not only obtained full recognition as a true poet, but is now, by universal consent, numbered among the first five or six names in the English Parnassus.

In a later chapter of the "Biographia Literaria" Coleridge gives an account of the origin of the "Lyricai

Ballads" which the reader may be glad to see, especially as this publication formed an era in the history of English We reproduce his remarks in a somewhat abridged form. "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours," he remarks—that is in the vear 1797-"our conversation frequently turned on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads'; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith.

Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand." It is interesting to learn from him that "The Dark Ladie " and " Christabel " were intended to appear in this collection, but had not been written when Wordsworth was ready with his contribution. It is superfluous to remark that every word of Coleridge's criticism is of value. and deserves to be weighed by those who would understand the Lyrical Ballads and the genius of Wordsworth in general.

It should be mentioned that several of the most beautiful poems in the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" were written in Germany during the winter of 1798 and 1799. Wordsworth and his sister were accompanied by Coleridge as far as Hamburg; and when he proceeded first to Ratzeburg, where he spent four months, and afterwards to Göttingen, for five more, where he studied German philosophy and other subjects, Wordsworth and Dora proceeded to Goslar, in Hanover, on the borders of the Hartz Forest, where they spent a bitter winter in comparative isolation. Unlike Coleridge, who became saturated with German ideas, Wordsworth was living his old English life over again, producing, among other poems, "Lucy Gray," the four poems on "Lacy." "Ruth." "The Fountain," "Matthew," and "Nutting."

The last of these poems, he tells us, was intended as

part of a poem on his own life, but struck out as not being wanted there. The verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings he had often had when a boy, and particularly in the woods that stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Grasmere. He left Goslar on the 10th of February, 1799, and at this time wrote the opening passage of the "Prelude." In December of the same year he and his sister removed to Grasmere, where the poet spent the remaining years of his life, first in a two-storied cottage at Town-End, where they lived until 1808. They were at Allan Bank until 1811, two years at the Parsonage of Grasmere, and afterwards at Rydal Mount. It has already been mentioned that the second volume of "Lyrical Ballads" was published in 1800, shortly after his removal to Grasmere.

About midsummer in 1802 the poet and his sister paid a visit to France. In crossing Westminster Bridge he composed the sonnet beginning "Earth has not anything to show more fair," which, he tells us, he wrote on the roof of a coach on his way to France. But this year was notable for a much more memorable event in his history, his marriage to his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, of whom three years later he wrote the lines beginning:—

"She was a phantom of delight,"

sketching the comparison of her life as girl, as woman, as wife, in lines of inimitable beauty, concluding:

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command And yet a Spirit still, and bright With something of an angel-light."

In the year of his marriage he wrote some of his finest poems, "Alice Foll," "Beggars," "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold," containing the famous line, "The Child is Father of the Man," "Resolution and Independence," and others

In 1803 Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge made their visit to Scotland. They visited the Land of Burns and proceeded to the Highlands; but Coleridge fell ill and was forced to leave them at Loch Lomond. During this tour Wordsworth wrote a good many poems which give evidences of the circumstances of their origin. Perhaps the most striking of these are the beautiful lines "To a Highland Girl," written at Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, beginning:—

"Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower!"

But there are others not unworthy to hold a place beside these lines, among which may be mentioned "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," "At the Grave of Burns," and "Yarrow Unvisited," to be followed in after years by "Yarrow Visited" and "Yarrow Revisited."

It has been said that the first or youthful period of Wordsworth's poetical life and work came to an end in 1808, his middle and mature period in 1818, the remaining years representing his decadence. Among the poems belonging to the first period special mention should be made of the noble "Ode to Duty," beginning, "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God," the ode "To the Skylark," and "The Waggoner," written in 1805, the glorious "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" (1803–1806), which has contested with "Lycidas" the honour of being the high-water mark of English poetry. We should also mention the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" and the "White Doe of Rylstone," written in 1807.

During the next ten years Wordsworth produced many minor poems, such as "Laodameia" (1814), the "Lines to

Haydon," beginning, "High is our calling, Friend" (1815), the "Ode to Lycius" (1817), the ode "Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour and Beauty" (1818), beginning, "Had this effulgence disappeared," which has been called the last fine poem which Wordsworth wrote, and "The Excursion," which belongs mainly to this second period, his longest, but not his greatest poem (1795–1814).

Wordsworth's longest poem was to consist of three parts, "The Prelude," which was the earliest written (1799–1805), although it was not published until after his death in 1850; "The Excursion," consisting of nine books, probably written, for the most part, after the Prelude and published in 1814. "The Recluse," which remained a mere fragment, and was first published in 1888, was intended to be the first division of the second part. The third was only planned. We shall best explain the poet's intention with regard to this work by following the guidance which he affords us in the Preface to the edition of 1814:

"The portion then published," he remarks, "belongs to the second part of a long and laborious work which is to consist of three parts." He would have preferred to publish these parts in their natural order; but "as the second division of the work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem," and so he had complied with the earnest request of friends to give that portion of his work to the public.

The general title intended to be given to the work, "The Recluse," was derived more particularly from the first part, known as "The Prelude." Intending the whole

poem to be the principal monument of his genius, "a literary book that might live," he thought it "a reasonable thing to take a review of his own mind and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. . . . That work, addressed to a dear Friend [S. T. Coleridge], most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished. . . . The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself." This portion, as we have said, was published in 1850, under the title of "The Prelude, or, Growth of a Poet's Mind; an Autobiographical Poem." Coleridge. who had seen the Prelude in MS., described it as

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!"

Coleridge may possibly have been right and the public wrong; but this poem can hardly be said to have added to its writer's reputation in any way.

The nine books of the "Excursion" have many fine passages, but their general effect is heavy and prosaic. The principal personage introduced is The Wanderer, described as a Scotch peddler, but really representing Wordsworth himself. The other principal characters are The Solitary and The Pastor. There are many passages of great poetic beauty, of subtle thought, of deep spiritual insight in this poem; but the reader is provoked by the air of superiority with which the tamest and the dullest work is forced on his attention. As Mr. Matthew Arnold remarks: "Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is

produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work."

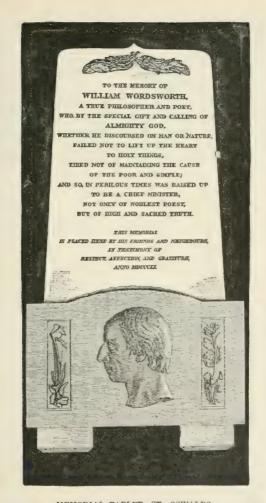
After 1818 Wordsworth published a good deal, perhaps a full third of the whole of his literary work, and there are some charming odes, which may be culled from his various collections, but the old level is not maintained. In 1820 he visited the Continent again, and two years later he published a series of Odes commemorating the localities visited. In the same year (1820) he wrote and published his Sonnets on the River Duddon. In 1821 he wrote the long series of Ecclesiastical Sonnets, following the course of British and English Church history. They were published in the following year. One poem is given to Yarrow Revisited, written in 1831, the year of his visit to Walter Scott. The last poem of his which we possess is his Ode on the Installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July, 1847. We reluctantly abstain from indicating lines and poems which are not unworthy of earlier days; and we will notice only one. written in 1824 and published in 1827, addressed to his wife, and beginning: "O dearer far than light and life are dear."

A general view of Wordsworth's genius is given in this volume by a genuine admirer, Principal Grant, the mere mention of whose name is sufficient to commend his work; so that it may be enough merely to add a few words in reference to some of the poet's personal characteristics, and some of the outward incidents of his life not yet mentioned.

Wordsworth is an example of the spiritual man and the mystic who lives above the world, or rather who sees the spiritual aspect and meaning of the world. A man of utter simplicity of character and absolute faith in his own

spiritual perceptions and theories of art, he holds in his way with a calmness, a definiteness of aim, and a certainty of purpose which are at least astonishing. This utter disregard of any worldly advancement was present with him throughout his whole life; and for a good many years he lived on a very small income, yet always with too much self-respect to run into debt. In 1813, at the time of his removal to Rydal Mount, he was made Distributor of Stamps for the County by the Earl of Lonsdale. The duties of the office were performed by a deputy, so that his time was free for his work; and the income of the poet, which was £500, together with his own slight resources, sufficed amply for all his needs.

His marriage was of the happiest, and brought him three sons and two daughters. In 1839 he received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. In 1842 he resigned his post which was given to his second son, Thomas, whilst the poet received a retiring pension of £300 a year. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate; and he died in 1850, on the 23rd of April, the anniversary of the birth and death of Shakespeare. Wordsworth's character as a man and as a poet is written in his works. A purer, truer, and more spiritual man could hardly have lived. He loved nature, and he loved it as a living thing. To those who are indifferent to nature and disinclined for meditation Wordsworth is a sealed book. What his contemporaries thought of him we can still read on his tombstone in Grasmere churchyard, and the words are guilty of no exaggeration.



MEMORIAL TABLET, ST. OSWALDS.



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE, AND RYDAL MOUNT.

# THE LITERARY MISSION OF WORDSWORTH.

ВУ

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In these days we have come to speak of a poet's mission, implying by the phrase that in his work we recognize something of that spirit and devotion which consecrated the life of prophet or apostle. This point of view, which we might have difficulty in using with some poets, is especially appropriate to Wordsworth. He said himself that he had made no vows, but that unknown to him vows were made for him; and never did ancient prophet or priest feel his call more deeply or live up to it more truthfully. An enthusiastic admirer declared that what he did "was the work which the Baptist did, when he came to the pleasure-laden citizens of Jerusalem to work a reformation; the work which Milton tried to do when he raised that clear calm voice of his to call back his countrymen

to simpler manners and to simpler laws."\* Wordsworth himself expressed what he felt to be his mission in the comparison of the poet to Phœbus. "The sun," he said, "was personified by the ancients as a charioteer, driving four fiery steeds over the vault of heaven; he was called Phœbus, and was regarded as the god of Poetry, of Prophecy, and of Medicine. Pheebus combined all these characters. And every poet has a similar mission on earth; he must diffuse health and life; he must prophesy to his generation; he must teach the present age by counselling with the future; he must plead for posterity; and he must imitate Phœbus in guiding and governing all his faculties-fiery steeds though they be-with the most exact precision, lest instead of being a Phœbus he prove a Phæton, and set the world on fire and be hurled from his car; he must rein in his fancy and temper his imagination with the control and direction of sound reason and drive on in the right track with a steady hand."+

That we may understand what was the special work to which Wordsworth was called and how he did it, it is necessary to know something of his environment and also of his time in its relation to the past. Only thus can we understand the right place in history and literature of any great writer.

The astonishing fulness of life, which received its highest expression in Shakespeare, continued throughout the Elizabethan age and became concentrated in Milton, in whom the perfection of Greek art and the moral power of English Puritanism were combined. With the Restoration a new era commenced. The French writers were taken as the models of style and rigour of life was replaced by

<sup>\*</sup>Lectures and Addresses, p. 244, Robertson of Brighton. †Memoirs, Vol. II., p. 7.

license. Shakespeare's realism was declared to be barbarous and Milton's religion to be in bad taste. In literature form and in poetry smoothness of versification became paramount. It was an age in which Poets were "most correct and least inspired." This spirit of formalism is no less evident in the religion than in the poetry of the time. The Church, though established and armed with terrible laws against non-conformity, scarcely pretended to deal with conduct. When poetry, the supreme expression of the thought of the age, has become largely a matter of conventional rules, a stereotyped form of elegy and pastoral or social satire rather than the intense utterance of a fervid life, it is a sure sign that there is little faith, even among those who in one sphere or another are the natural leaders of the people. The eighteenth century accordingly was not an inspiring time in which to live. France gives us pictures of Dragonnades in the interest of orthodoxy, and court splendour bought by the drudgery of millions: of a nation burdened with debt to adorn a Pompadour, or hurried to the battlefield to avenge an insult offered to her; of hungry crowds whose petition of grievances was answered by a new gallows forty feet high: of the Bastille and of feudal laws and privileges existing side by side with the refined corruption of a later age.

In England the influence of the Puritan revival continued to permeate society, but the isolation of classes, the cruelty of the punishments inflicted by law, the ignorance of the peasantry and the Squires, the deservedly little influence of the clergy, the general coarseness of sentiment and manners, the haughty indifference of the aristocracy to the general welfare, were sure signs that unbelief reigned, and that the fire of heaven burned low and only in obscure corners of the land. Glimpses of the actual

state of things are given by Crabbe with prosaic truthfulness, but no prophet voice denounced them and inspired the heart of the people with a faith blossoming out in new heroisms and new psalms. Now, what characterizes the nineteenth century is that its great poets and prose preachers have kept steadily in view the spiritual meaning of life. The consequence is that they have contributed powerfully to all truly liberal tendencies of the time. Reforms in every sphere have come, and they have come not with poets discoursing on the Rape of the Lock or perfumers' and milliners' shops, or on veiled prophets of Khorassan, or on men and scenes far distant, but -as might have been expected—with poets profoundly impressed with the seriousness, we might say the sacredness, of the work they had undertaken. There has been and there still is continual protest against materialism in philosophy and traditionalism in theology; against unreality of all kinds and injustice of all kinds, and though the old evils are not dead and new ones appear every day, and the century has to bear the accumulated iniquities of the past and the present, yet reform has been made, things are getting better and the battle of truth is being fought hopefully by men of "inwardness, faith and power."

Of all this great movement Wordsworth may be considered the greatest pioneer. Not only so, the quantity and quality of his work is so notable that Matthew Arnold places him, "among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries, after Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe indeed, but before all the rest." If he has so few superiors among modern poets, he must have done permanent and splendid work.

Nature was Wordsworth's great teacher; but his ideas took form and colour from the French Revolution, that

"grim protest against the conventional and the false," and from the critical philosophy which in Germany was replacing the barren illuminism of a previous age. With the first of these forces he came in personal contact. The second influenced him through Coleridge. He began life as an ardent Republican in politics, in poetry, in religion, in everything.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie, His daily teachers had been woods and rills, The silence that is in the starry sky, The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

No wonder that from the first he protested against the conventionalism that oppressed him in society and literature. When a student, who had learned to commune with the Eternal among the mountains and the lakes, was obliged at college to attend prayers that professors and tutors found superfluous for their own souls, he naturally revolted. But Wordsworth's rebellion was always controlled by his strong, English common sense. A visit to France where he saw the Revolution devouring its own children, drove him almost to despair and atheism, but the very "madness of extremes" taught him, after a while, where the true path lay, and that our highest wisdom is in loyal, loving obedience to the great primary affections and duties of life. From that moment he began to teach the English-speaking people the lessons they most needed, and he set himself to this high work with a patience, strength and faith that should at once guide and inspire every true teacher. No vulgar ambition for money, place, power or immediate success made him swerve for a moment from the straight path. "Every great poet is a teacher," he said; "I wish to be considered either as a teacher or nothing." And he that believeth doth not make baste. He laid to

heart the warning of Coleridge, that "every author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, must create the taste by which he is to be enjoyed." So, when his friends complained bitterly of the indifference and injustice of the public, he calmly answered, "Make yourselves at rest respecting me; I speak the truths the world must feel at last." His heart was fixed. No matter what others might do, he had chosen the better part. In every sight and sound of nature he found beauty and truth. Keats could say, "Nothing startles me beyond the moment; the setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel," and Wordsworth was physically and spiritually a stronger man than Keats. To him

"Our noisy years seemed moments in the being of the eternal silence,"

but he saw men living as if their few moments were the whole of their life and as if eternal beauty and truth were nothing to them. Everywhere the spirit of worldliness prevailed. He wrote to Lady Beaumont: "It is an awful truth that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world, among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth and an awful one; because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God."\*

Even to the professed teachers of the day, nature seemed little more than a machine and the Bible a catechism.

<sup>\*</sup> Memoirs of Wordsworth, Vol. I., p. 333-342,

They were in bondage to time and sense and could not interpret either nature or the Bible. It was laid upon the poet to cry out against their idolatry, and he did so with the sternness of a Hebrew prophet. His first work was to bring men back to nature, to reveal nature to them as an eternal fountain of beauty, truth and joy; as from God and godlike; and to show them "that there is really nothing around us common and negligible." We can hardly understand the revolution that the Lakers, as they were called, effected, or realize how vitiated was public taste and how artificial were the standards and the points of view. James Tobin implored Wordsworth not to publish "We are Seven," because "it would make him everlastingly ridiculous," and when the "Cumberland Beggar" was read to another gentleman, his comment was, "Why! that is very pretty, but you may call it anything but poetry." The world then could make nothing of a poet to whom

The meanest flower that blows could give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,

or of an epic the hero of which was an old Scotch peddler. But the world did "feel at last." In 1817, Blackwood's Magazine was started with men on its staff who judged poetry by other canons than those of Lord Jeffrey; and in the next year John Wilson proclaimed in its pages what manner of man Wordsworth was. The tide turned and it rose so high that when he went up to Oxford to receive the honorary degree that had been conferred on him, "scarcely had his name been pronounced, than from three thousand voices at once there broke forth a burst of applause, echoed and taken up again and again, when it seemed about to die away, and that thrice repeated," by undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike. Arnold of Rugby, who was present, tells how striking the scene was

to him, "remembering how old Coleridge had inoculated a little knot of us with the love of Wordsworth, when his name was in general a byword." Wordsworth had taught England once more to appreciate spiritual truth.

Wordsworth then in his teaching started from nature. So did the Great Teacher—with reverence be it said—who taught men to see the character of God in the lilies of the field, and taught them the best of the good news of the Kingdom by pointing to the sun that shone and the rain that fell on the evil as on the good. Wordsworth felt that in bringing us to nature he was bringing us to God; that thus we would be freed from those petty self-seeking aims that mean death to the intellect as well as to the spirit, and turn us into human beavers, or tigers, or ares; and he believed that we would get with the new points of view a serene atmosphere, angels' food, and deliverance from self-imposed burdens. For, said he, "not by bread alone is the life of man sustained, not by raiment alone is he warmed, but by the genial and vernal inmate of the breast, which at once pushes forth and cherishes; by self-support and self-sufficing endeavours; by anticipations, apprehensions, and active remembrances; by elasticity under insult and firm resistance to injury; by joy and by love; by pride which his imagination gathers in from afar; by patience, because life wants not promises; by admiration; by gratitude, which—debasing him not when his fellowbeing is its object—habitually expands itself, for his elevation, in complacency towards his Creator."\*

The religion of nature so far as it goes is true, but man is the interpreter and high priest of nature, and in his life and heart are the riddles of existence read. Wordsworth gave back to the world not only the love of nature which

<sup>\*</sup> Convention of Cintra, p. 164-5,

it had well-nigh lost, but also faith in humanity. To the all-absorbing love which is the stock-in-trade of the average novelist, he paid little heed, probably because that passion intensifies individualism and is always perilously near to selfishness. He dealt rather with the perennial affections, the love of husband and wife, of mother and child, of brother and sister, and with the primary duties, those that we owe to home, to friends, to country, and to that which is highest in man. He has been accused of losing his own faith; of beginning as a democrat and ending as an aristocrat, and even Browning assailed him with his indignant

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,"

but Browning confessed afterwards that he was wrong. Stationariness is not consistency. A man must sometimes change the form of his ideas to be true to their principle. When Wordsworth was a Radical, he did not mean that one man was as good as another, but that if he were true to the divine in him, no matter at what work he was engaged, he was worthy of all honour. In later years, when he was a Tory, he did not mean that the name, wealth or plush made the man, but that the best way of discovering and of encouraging insight, independence and worth was to have different orders in society on a just basis and to have the lines of each frankly defined. He may have been extreme at both periods, but in aim and principle he never varied. He was the great teacher to his age of the oneness and the essential worth of humanity. In opposition to the conventional habit of looking at "persons of quality" and "the masses" as two distinct orders of beings, as well as in opposition to the two great facts of modern society—the accumulation of wealth and the division of labour-he drew his characters to show that there is but one human heart, and that the great lack in the land was the lack of sympathy between the different classes. Duty was to him the supreme watchword, because the supreme reality, and in his loftiest conception of it, the greatest of the Greek poets scarcely surpassed him either in sympathy with beauty or in perfection of artistic form:

Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

When he identified duty with patriotism—and he did so at the right moment—Burns himself was not more intense. The man who had welcomed the French Revolution cried out at the prospect of an invasion of England:

> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold Which Milton held.

This then was Wordsworth's mission; to deliver men from conventionalism and insincerity, and to reveal to them nature and the living God: to exalt the spiritual over the material, the eternal over the transitory, duty over appetite. In Christ he found all truth; and the essence of Christian education was a contemplating of the character and personal history of Christ. "Work it." he said, "into your thoughts, into your imagination, make it a real presence in the mind." The spiritual law so powerfully affirmed by Keats applies to every manifestation of the Eternal and most fully therefore to the highest, "What the Imagination seizes as beauty must be Truth."



# NOTES.

# WORDSWORTH.

## TO THE DAISY.

Composition. "This, and the other poems addressed to the same flower (i.e. In youth from rock to rock I went, and With little here to do or see), were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—'thy function apostolical'—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes." (Fenwick note.) The poet even omitted the stanza containing the line in the ed. 1827, 1832.

The poem was composed in 1802, and published in Poems, 1807.

Theme. "It is curiously characteristic that Wordsworth, who taught his philosophy by examples taken from the field, Michael, Margaret, and their like, should have exercised his fancy upon the blossoms of the hedgerow. In contrast to Tennyson, whose idylls were of the king, and whose honey was won from roses, Wordsworth went to humble life for his people and his flowers alike. He made beautiful the 'unassuming commonplace of Nature,' and recurred again and again to the daisy, the

primrose, the violet, and the common pilewort, as parallel types to his heroes of the plough."—Magnus.

1. 1.—Bright flower. The reading of 1843.

1807. A pilgrim bold in Nature's care.

The ed. of 1836 changed the first three lines-

Confiding Flower, by Nature's care, Made bold,—who, lodging here or there, Art all the long year through the heir Of joy or sorrow.

1. 6.-Some Concord. The ed. of 1836 varied this to-

Communion with humanity.

1. S.—thorough. "Through" and "thorough" are variant forms of A.S. thuch, which became differentiated in use. Cf.

Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere.

—Shakspere,  $A\ Midsummer\text{-}Night$ 's Dream, ii. i. 3ff.

- ll. 17ff.—Thou wander'st the wide world about, etc. An undertone of suggestion is throughout this stanza of the mission of the apostles. See Luke x., 1 Corinthians iv. 9-12, etc.
- 1. 23.—apostolical. The root (see above) is in Gk. apostolos, an apostle, "one sent away (forth)"; apostellein, to send away.

Wordsworth wrote, in all, four poems addressed to the Daisy. They begin:

- (i.) In youth from rock to rock I went.
- (ii.) With little here to do or see.
- (iii.) Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere.
- (iv.) Sweet Flower! belike one day to have.

The first three poems were published in 1807. They have much in common and should be read together.

### MICHAEL.

Circumstances of composition. "Written at the Townend. Grasmere, about the same time as The Brothers. The sheep-fold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circ unstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Townend, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north." (Fenwick note.)

To Mr. Justice Coloridge Wordsworth said: "Michael was founded on the son of an old couple having become dissolute, and run away from his parents; and on an old shepherd having been seven years in building up a sheepfold in a solitary valley." (Knight).

Dorothy's journal shows the period of composition from October 11, 1800, to December 9.

Theme. "In the two poems, The Brothers and Michael. I have attempted to draw a picture of the domestic affections, as I know them to exist among a class of men who are now almost confined to the north of England. They are small independent proprietors of land, here called statesmen, men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties... The domestic affections will always be strong with men who live in a country not crowded with population, if these men are placed above poverty... Their little tract of land serves as a kind of rallying point for the domestic feelings... The two poems were written to show that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply... The poems are faithful copies of nature. They may excite profitable sympathies in many kind and good hearts, and may in some small

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degree enlarge our feelings of reverence for our species."
—Wordsworth, Letter to Charles James Fox, 1801.

"His interests and sympathies, stimulated to excess by the political convulsions...now found healthier objects in the labouring poor whom he conversed with in the fields, and in the vagrants he met on lonely roads. These became his daily schools... His early upbringing combined with after experience and reflection to make him esteem simple and humble life more than artificial...to make him love and esteem what is permanent, not what is accidental in human life, the inner, not the outer man of men, the essential soul, not its trappings of birth, fortune, and position... In humble men, when not wholly crushed or hardened by penury, he seemed to see the primary passions and elementary feelings of human nature existing as it were in their native bed."—Shairp. On Poetic Interpretation of Nature.

A Pastoral Poem. A poem of shepherd life. It was reserved for Burns and Wordsworth to redeem poetry from the sham pastorals which, following the example of Virgil, Spenser and his followers imposed on English verse. "Between Luke and Alexis there is the whole difference of Nature from Pan" (Magnus).

Topography of the poem. Michael embodies the scenes of Grasmere, Westmoreland, and the spirit of the dalesmen. A few moments' study of the frontispiece to this book will help to give a conception of the former. We are looking northward across the Grasmere lake and the lovely Vale (1.40) in which it lies. The village of Grasmere (1.135) lies a little to the left. The public way (1.1) which touches the east of the lake climbs on behind the village up to Dunmail Raise (1.134), the mountain gap in the background. The first mountain to the left of the village is Helm Crag and to its left is the entrance into Easedale (1.134). Michael's cottage (1.132), stood eastward from

the village (l. 185), on the "rising ground" (l. 182), on the "forest-side" (l. 40); we shall place it therefore among the trees to our right (now much scantier than of old), on the side of Stone-Arthur. (It stood, says Knight, where the coach-house and stables of "the Hollins" now stand.) Green-head Ghyll (l. 2), is the valley leading up towards Fairfield summit, between Stone-Arthur and (to the east) Rydal Fell. The unfinished fold (l. 324) was high up the Ghyll, but the locality is difficult to identify.

- 1. 1.—the public way. The coach road from Ambleside to Keswick, passing by Grasmere.
- 1.2.—Green-head Ghyll. "Ghyll," in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it."—Wordsworth. Green-head Ghyll is under Stone-Arthur, the mountain sheltering Grasmere on the north-east.
- 1.5.—pastoral mountains. "In places...the mountains have a green pastoral voluptuousness, so smooth and full are they with thick turf. At other points the rock has fretted through the verdant carpet... There are sheep everywhere."—Burroughs. Fresh Fields, "In Wordsworth's Country."
  - 1. 9.—No habitation can. The reading of 1827.
    - 1800. No habitation there is seen: but such As journey thither.
  - 1. 17.—Appears. Until 1827—There is.
- 11. 18 f.—And to that simple object. The reading of 1836. This first ran—
  - 1800. And to that place a story appertains,
    Which, though it be ungarn shed with events,
    Is not unfit . . .
  - i. 22.—Of those domestic tales. Till 1827 this read—

The earliest of those tales that spake to me.

11. 23f.—men... I already loved. Wordsworth tells us in The Prelude, viii..—

"That noticeable kindliness of heart Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most, Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks And occupations which her beauty adorned, And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first."

1. 23.—Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys. Wordsworth elsewhere pays due tribute to men like Michael—the dalesmen of Grasmere:—

Labour here preserves
His rosy face, a servant only here
Of the fireside or of the open field,
A Freeman, therefore, sound and unimpaired!
That extreme penury is here unknown...
Where kindred independence of estate
Is prevalent, where he who tills the field,
He, happy man! is master of the field,
And treads the mountains which his Fathers trod.

-The Recluse.

- 1. 40.—Grasmere Vale. "There was a quiet splendour, almost grandeur, about Grasmere Vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere.—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one's conception of the loftier strains of the poet. It is not too much dominated by mountains, though shut in on all sides by them; that stately level floor of the valley keeps them back and defines them, and they rise from its outer margin like rugged, green-tufted, and green-draped walls."—John Burroughs, Fresh Fields.
- 1. 50.—The South...subterraneous music. The prelude of a storm from the sea. Elsewhere the poet describes the same phenomenon—

I would stand,
If night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.

-The Prelude, ii.

1. 66.—The hills, which with vigorous step. Till

The hills, which he so oft Had climbed with vigorous steps.

ll. 72ff.—linking to such acts...those hills. Till 1827 this read,—

Linking to such acts,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honourable gains; these fields, these hills
Which were his living Being, even more
Than his own Blood,—what could...

For the thought compare Goldsmith-

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms, And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.

-The Traveller.

- 1. 79.—His Helpmate was. The reading till 1815 was— He had a wife, a comely matron, old.
- 1. 99.—the cleanly. Till 1836—their cleanly. So, in 1. 102, "the meal" was—their meal.
- 1. 103.—Luke. Austere strength is given by the names Michael, Luke.
  - 1. 112.—With huge and black. Till 1836—Did with a huge projection overbrow.
    - l. 123.—had reached. Till 1827—was in.
  - l. 125.—while far. Till 1836—while late.
- 1. 128.—summer flies. Following this in edd. 1800, 1802 was—

Not with a waste of words, but for the sake Of pleasure, which I know that I shall give To many now, I of this lamp Speak thus minutely; for there are not few Whose memories will bear witness to my tale,

- 1. 129.—This light. The first ed.—The light.
- 1. 134.—Dunmail-Raise. Two and a half miles from Grasmere, on the way to Keswick, is "a steep pitch of road...720 feet above the sea, on either hand the mountains of Steel Fell and Scat Sandal." on the border-line of

Westmoreland and Cumberland. It takes its name from Danmail, last British king of Cumberland, slain in battle, 945, by the Saxon Edmund. His cairn still stands. See Wordsworth's Waggoner for—

This narrow strait, Stony and dark and desolate.

1. 144.—Less from instinctive tenderness. Till 1827—

Effect which might perhaps have been produced By that instinctive tenderness.

- l. 145.—Fond spirit, etc. Till 1836—
  Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all,
- l. 146.—Than. Till 1827—Or.
- 1. 150.—Must fail. The edd. to 1820 followed this with—

For these, and other causes, to the thoughts Of the old man, his only son was now The dearest object that he knew on earth.

- 1. 155.—pastime. Till 1827—dalliance.
- 1. 158.—as with. Till 1836—with.
- ll. 163ff.-Wrought in the field, etc. Till 1836-

Had work by his own door, or when he sate With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool Beneath that large oak, which near their door Stood, and from its enormous breadth of shade.

- 1. 169.—Clipping Tree. Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.—Wordsworth note. ed. 1800.
- 1. 207.—While in this sort, etc. The reading of 1815.
  - 1800. While this good household thus were living on.
  - 1802. While in this fashion which I have described This simple household thus were living on.
    - 1, 221.—As soon as he had armed. Till 1836 this

read-

As soon as he had gathered so much strength That he could look his troubles in the face, It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell

1. 233.—himself. Till 1827—itself.

l. 253.—He may return. Till 1836—May come again.

- 1. 258.—Richard Bateman. "The story alluded to here is well known in the country. The chapel is called Ings Chapel, and is on the right-hand side of the road leading from Kendal to Ambleside."—Wordsworth's note, ed 1800. Knight quotes Lewis, Topogr. Dict. of England: "Hugil, a chapelry six and a quarter miles from Kendal. The chapel, rebuilt in 1743 by Robert Bateman, stands in the village of Ings... The free school was endowed with land in 1650 by Robert Wilson... This endowment was augmented by £8 per annum by Robert Bateman, who who gave £1,000 for purchasing an estate, and erected eight alms-houses... This worthy benefactor was born here, and from a state of indigence succeeded in amassing considerable wealth by mercantile pursuits."
  - 1. 304.—With daylight. Till 1820—Next morning.
- 1. 327.—which by the streamlet's edge. Till 1815—which close to the brook side.
  - 11. 338f.—touch On things. Till 1836—Speak Of things.
    - 1. 340.—as oft befalls. Till 1827—as it befals.
  - I. 348.—While thou. Till 1836—When thou.
- 1. 373.—from three-score years. Till 1827—from sixty years.
  - 1. 406.—Be thy companions. The first ed. ran-

Be thy companions, let this Sheep-fold be Thy anchor and thy shield; amid all fear And all temptation, let it be to thee An emblem of the life thy Fathers lived.

1. 425.—Ere the night fell. Till 1815—

Next morning as had been resolved, the boy.

1. 450.—Would overset the brain, etc. Till 1820—. Would break the heart:—old Michael found it so.

1. 456.—to sun and cloud. So in 1836; but the 1800 ed read—upon the sun; 1832—toward the sun.

1. 466.—And never lifted up a single stone. "It is the touch of nature, the pathos of work unfinished...that gives Michael, the humble shepherd, his share in the universal heart. 'The great distinguishing passion,' wrote Walter Pater.' came to Michael by the sheep-fold, to Ruth by the wayside, adding those humble children of the furrow to the true aristocracy of passionate souls."—Magnus.

l. 468.—or with. Till 1836—with that.

## TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

Composition. In 1820 Wordsworth, publishing a series of sonnets on themes suggested by his remembrances of the river Duddon, dedicated the volume to his brother by means of this poem. It was printed in the second edition of the volume. The poem opens with a vignette of life at Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home from 1813 till his death.

Theme. The theme is that of the man who can rejoice at duty nobly done in crowded cities, but who still feels he has himself chosen the better part in keeping to the honest simplicity of country life, especially life ennobled by intercourse with nature among the mountains and with the dalesmen, rugged guardians of the primitive virtues.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth was Christopher Wordsworth, the younger brother of the poet, born at Cockermouth in 1774, educated at Hawkshead and Trinity College, Cambridge, died 1846, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Uckfield, Sussex. He was made Chaplain of the House of Commons in 1816. At the time of the writing of this poem (1820) he was Rector of Lambeth parish (see 1.65).

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire...enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.—Wordsworth note.

- l. 1.—The Minstrels played. An allusion to the old custom of the "waits," musicians who went about all night long before Christmas, playing before particular houses, and receiving entertainment from the people thus honoured.
- 1.29.—rustic Powers. Influences of country life other than those of nature—customs, traditions, manners (1.55).
- 1. 42.—self-complacent innocence. This repeats, in a more abstract way, the picture of the poet's daughter Catherine:—

As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,

Not less if unattended and alone

Than when both young and old sit gathered round

And take delight in its activity;

Even so this happy Creature of herself

Is all-sufficient, solitude to her

Is blithe society, who fills the air

With gladness and involuntary songs.

—Wordsworth, Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old.

- 1. 43.—the grave disguise. The little outward courtesy did not betray their feelings.
- 1. 46.—names once heard. A touch of personal sorrow. In 1812, the poet lost his young children—Thomas, born 1806, and Catherine, born 1808.
- Il. 47f.—Tears brightened...for infant. A suggestion, perhaps, of the poet's personal loss in 1812, mingled with a recollection of his youngest child, born in 1810. But the picture is a general truth of human life.
- 1. 49.—emerald fields. The moisture of the air in the Lake District is very great. The turf is fine and thick. "the tenderness and freshness of the green tints were something to remember,—the hue of the first springing

April grass, massed and wide-spread in midsummer (Burroughs).

1. 50.—ambient streams. Encompassing (Lat. ambiens, going about). The streams are the clear-running mountain streams about Cockermouth and Hawkshead.

Fondly I pursued,

Even when a child, the Streams . . . viewed The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood— Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen, Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green, Poured down the hills, a choral multitude.

-Wordsworth, The River Duddon, xxvi.

1.51.—Cytherea's zone. Venus Aphrodite (Gk. aphros, foam), the foam-born, was fabled to have spring from the sea-foam, and to have been carried by the west wind to the island of Cythera, or Cerigo (hence her name Cytherea). Her zone (Gk. zone, girdle,) is the ocean foam.

1. 52. - The Thunderer. Jupiter Tonans.

1. 53.—heart of hearts. Cf. Hamlet, iii., ii., 78.

1. 55.--Manners. Not knowledge of etiquette, but deep-seated principles of which outward actions are the expression. Cf.

Give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

-Wordsworth, London, 1802.

1. 57.—Remnants of love. Subordinate to "manners" 1. 55). The kindly feelings (1. 44) of humanity, once wide-spread, have been supplanted in cities, and now are withdrawn modestly into the seclusion of mountain dales.

1.65.—Lambeth's venerable towers. The official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the great edifice, Lambeth Palace, built in part in 1244, situated on the banks of the Thames, in the south-western part of London.

1. 70.—And profit by those kindly rays. Cf. Ode on Intimations of Immortality, especially stanza ix.—

Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.

### ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Composition. "Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject (Peele Castle), one of which he gave to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying that she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, at whose house at Foxley I have seen it." (Fenwick note.) "One of the pictures of 'Peele Castle in a Storm'... is still in the gallery of Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton Hall."—Knight.

The poem was written in 1805, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. John Wordsworth, whose tragic death affected Wordsworth so deeply, was a much loved younger brother of the poet. He was born in 1772; he lived some time at Dove Cottage; and was drowned off Weymouth in command of the East-Indiaman, "The Earl of Abergavenny," 1805. He is "the never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea" in The Prelude. He is in large part Leonard in The Brothers, and joins with Nelson as the original of The Character of the Happy Warrior. See also Elegiac Stanzas, 1805—

"The sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!"

The story of his death is thus given by Myers: "John Wordsworth . . . looked forward to Grasmere as the final goal to his wanderings, and intended to use his own savings to set the poet free from worldly cares. Two more voyages the sailor made with such hopes as these, and amid a frequent interchange of books and letters with his brother at home. Then in February, 1805, he set sail from Portsmouth, in command of the 'Abergavenny' East-Indiaman, bound for India and China. Through the incompetence of the pilot who was taking her out of the Channel, the ship struck on the Shambles, off the Bill of

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Portland, on February 5, 1805." "She struck." says Wordsworth, "at 5 p.m. Guns were fired immediately, and were continued to be fired. She was gotten off the rock at half-past seven, but had taken in so much water, in spite of constant pumping, as to be water-logged. They had, however, hope that she might still be run upon Weymouth sands, and with this view continued pumping and bailing until eleven, when she went down. . . A few minutes before the ship went down my brother was seen talking to the first mate with apparent cheerfulness; and he was standing on the hen-coop, which is the point from which he could overlook the whole ship, the moment she went down—dying, as he had lived, in the very place and point where his duty stationed him."—Wordsworth, Letter to Sir George Beaumont, March 12, 1805.

"Through all Wordsworth's poetry...composed before the age of thirty-five, there runs a vein of Optimism... Hitherto human sorrow had been to him but a "still sad music" far away. But when, in 1805, Nature, with her night and tempest, drove his favourite brother's ship on the Shambles of Portland Head, and wrecked the life he greatly loved, then he learned that she was not always serene, but could be stern and cruel. Then sorrow came home to him, and entered into his inmost soul... From that time on, the sights and sounds of Nature took to Wordsworth a soberer hue, a more soleum tone. The change of mood is grandly expressed in the Elegiac Stanzas on a Picture of Peele Castle, where he says that he now could look no more

A smiling sea and be what I have been.

Yet he gives way to no weak or selfish lamentation, but sets himself to draw from the sorrow fortitude for himself, sympathy and tenderness for others:—

> Then welcome fortitude, and patient cheer, And frequent sights of what is to be borne; Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:— Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

That is manly and health-giving sorrow."—Shairp, On Poetic Interpretation of Nature.

Elegiac Stanzas. Elegy (Gk. elegeia, a song of lamentation) was the name specially given in classical prosody to poems written in lines alternating hexameter with pentameter. The term in English poetry refers rather to the prevailing tone of the poem, but the alternation of rimes, which is sometimes, as in Gray's Elegy and here, employed by the poet, reflects the classical variation.

Peel(e) Castle, or the Piel of Fouldry, built on Peel Island between the Isle of Walney and the main land. N.W. Lancaster dates from the 12th century—a massive structure now in ruins.

- 1. 2.—Four summer weeks. The "four summer weeks" referred to were probably during the year 1794, when the poet spent part of a college vacation with his cousin, Mrs. Barker.
- ll. 13ff.—and add the gleam, etc. The first reading and the last and the best. The ed. of 1820 has—

And add a gleam Of lustre known to neither sea nor land, But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream.

The ed. of 1827 reads—the gleam, the lustre.

- "Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false colours its objects; but, on the contrary, brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escape the eye of common observation."—Coleridge. Whence comes this moisture, this polish, this light? It is not from the object—it is the special illumination of the poet or painter, born of his mind, irradiating the objects it is cast upon, till they yield meaning and beauty hitherto concealed.
- 1. 21.—treasure-house. The reading of the ed. of 1845. The 1807 ed. has,—a treasure house, a mine.
  - 1. 26.—Elysian quiet. (f. p. 37, 11, 49ff, and note.

- 32.—A stedfast peace. The reading of 1836.
   1807. A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.
- 1. 41.—Beaumont, Friend! Sir George Beaumont (1754-1827) of Coleorton Hall, Essex, was "a connoisseur, patron of art and landscape gardening." He became acquainted with Wordsworth while on a visit to Coleridge at Keswick in 1803, and was one of his most valued and most intimate friends.
- 1. 42.—Him whom I deplore. John Wordsworth. See above.
- 1.53.—the heart that lives alone. Compare the spirit of Lord Byron's verse.

## IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD.

Composition. This sonnet belongs to the same period as the preceding. It was composed in 1802 or 1803, and published in *The Morning Post*, 1803, and *Poems*, 1807.

1. 4.—"with pomp of waters." Dowden notes the source of the quotation—

And look how Thames...

Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood.

—Daniel, History of the Civil War, ii. vii.

- 1. 5.—Roused though it be, etc. The reading of 1827.
- 1807. And bear our freights of worth to foreign lands, Road by which all might come and go that would.

# TO A SKYLARK.

Composition and publication. This lyric is one of the best poems of W.'s latest period, showing the "meditative wisdom" of this period, while the earlier lyric on the same subject (1805) shows his passionate joy in nature. It was written at Rydal Mount, Grasmere, where W. had removed in 1813. Its composition is dated 1825; its publication 1827.

The subject of the poem. "The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird as the Philomel is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, the companion of the ploughman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, revelling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithesome, sibilant, and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down [cf. Coleridge, A.M., l. 358] thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer shower."—John Burroughs, Birds and Poets.

Other poems on the Lark. The Elizabethans first gave fit expression to the charm of the Lark's song.

What is't now we hear? None but the lark so shrill and clear; Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings, The morn not waking till she sings,

-John Lyly, Campaspe, v. 1.

Lyly was imitated by Shakspere in

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.

-Cymbeline, iii. ii.

James Hogg (1772-1835) led the way to the modern lyrics. In 1805, W.'s first lyric To a Skylark,

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!

was written. Then came Shelley's wonderful Ode to the Skylark, 1820, and in 1825 the present poem was composed.

1. 5f.—Or, while thy wings aspire, etc.

So constant with thy downward eye of love, Yet, in aërial singleness, so free.

-- A Morning Exercise.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest And climbing shakes his dewy wings.

-Davenant.

11. 7-12.—To the last point, etc. This stanza, which belonged to the poem till 1843, was in 1846 transferred to A Morning Exercise (composed 1828), of which it became the eighth stanza. See final note.

l. 13.—her shady wood.

Thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
—Keats, Ode to a Nightingale.

1.16.—with instinct less divine. "Instinct" took the place of "rapture" in 1827.

1. 18.—True to the kindred points, etc. Cf.

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

-Hogg, The Lark.

Speaking of A Morning Exercise, W., in a note to Miss Fenwick, remarked: "I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark."

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled, Restless with fixed to balance, high with low. Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build On such forbearance as the deep may show; Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties, Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove; Yet more hath nature reconciled in thee; So constant with thy downward eye of love, Yet, in aërial singleness, so free; So humble, yet so ready to rejoice In power of wing and never-wearled voice.

To the last point of view, etc.

#### THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Composition. See introductory notes to the preceding poems. From Dumfries the travellers made their way up loch Lomond into the Highlands. Passing through the Trossachs, they ascended to the head of Loch Voil.

Dorothy describes the scene:—"The vale pastoral and unenclosed, not many dwellings, and but few trees; the mountains... are in large unbroken masses, combining with the vale to give an impression of bold simplicity.

"As we descended, the scene became more fertile, our way being pleasantly varied through coppies or open fields, and passing farm-houses, though always with an intermixture of uncultivated ground. It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem (The Solitary Reaper) was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's Tour in Scotland." The MS. reads: "Passed by a female reaping alone and singing in Erse as she bent over her sickle, the sweetest human voice I ever heard. Her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were no more heard."

1.7.—Vale. See above. Note the suggestion of loneliness and even silence that is called up here—an experience that peculiarly affected Wordsworth—

The silence that is in the starry sky,

The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

-Brougham Castle,

1. 13.—A voice so thrilling. The reading adopted in 1836.

1807. No sweeter voice was ever heard.1827. Such thrilling voice was never heard.

1. 16.—farthest Hebrides. An echo of "the stormy Hebrides" of Lycidas and of—

The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

-Milton, On the Death of Damon.

Milton's suggestive use of proper name is unequalled.

"The Song Thrush is associated in my memory with the Hebrides... When no sound comes on the ear save at intervals the faint murmur of the waves...the song of the thrush is poured forth from the summit of some granite block... The cuckoo calls to his mate from the cairn on the hill. Again all is silent. The streaks in the channel show that the tide is ebbing; a thin white vapour is spread over the distant islands."—Macgillivray.

1. 29.—I listened, motionless and still. Till 1820 this read—

I listened till I had my fill.

- 30.—And, as I mounted. In 1827—And when I mounted.
- 1.31.—The music in my heart I love. A characteristic ending. Wordsworth insists that such experiences pass into our subconscious life, and permanently affect our natures for good. The close of *The Highland Girl*, I wandered lovely as a cloud, are further illustrations of this.

The poem was composed between 1803 and 1805, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. The poem is the consummation of Wordsworth's genius—theme, imagery, irradiation of imagination, and philosophy of life.

# WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

Composition and publication. Wordsworth and his sister made an excursion to France in August of 1802. They left London on July 30th, at early morning, saw the City from Westminster Bridge—a sight that occasioned the splendid sonnet, beginning.

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

The following day they arrived in Calais, where the several Calais sonnets were written. They returned to England on the 30th of August, staying in London till the 22nd of September. W.'s interests at the time were strongly political. in favour of republican liberty. The poet has himself expressed the feelings that arose in him as he remarked the contrast of France and England, the one still suffering from the calamities of the Revolution, the other glutted with wealth and given over to the industrial spirit. "This poem," he says, "was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say desolation, that the Revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind. or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French." etc.-To Miss Fenwick (Knight, ii. 300).

To this we may add the historian's account:—"Although the debt had risen from 244 millions to 520, the desire for peace sprang from no sense of national exhaustion. On the contrary, wealth had never increased so fast. Steam and canals, with the inventions of Arkwright and Crompton, were producing their effect in a rapid development of trade and manufactures, and commerce found new outlets in the colonies gained by the war."—Green, Short Hist., c. 1892.

This poem was first published in the volume of *Poems*, by William Wordsworth, London, 1807.

The form of the Sonnet\*. The word sonnet is derived, as is the best form of the thing itself, from the Italian,—sonetto, a short strain, abbreviation of suono, sound. The first Englishmen to learn to use the sonnet structure were Wyatt (1503-1542) and Surrey (1517-1547), poets steeped in Italian literature. Among the Elizabethans, Spenser and Shakspere were preeminent as writers of sonnets, as at a later day Milton was among the Caroline poets.

Shakspere's sonnets, however, differ essentially in structural character from the sonnets of Milton. The SHAKES-PEARIAN SONNET arranges its rimes abab cdcd efef gg. and the whole rhythm progresses with almost even force through its fourteen lines till clinched and ended in the concluding couplet. The MILTONIC SONNET agrees with the Shakespearian in preserving an unbroken continuity of rhythm throughout, but differs from it in rime-structure. Its rimes are arranged abba abba, but the last six lines rime with great freedom, always however avoiding a final couplet. The normal Italian or PETRARCAN SONNET, while similar to the Miltonic sonnet in rime-order, differs from it and the Shakespearian sonnet in the peculiar movement of its rhythm. The poem is broken into a "octave" (first eight lines) and a "sestet" (last six lines), and the melody rising with the major part, subsides and dies away in the minor; so that it may be described:

A sonnet is a wave of melody:

From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "octave," then returning free,

<sup>\*</sup>See Theodore Watts, Ency. Britt.; William Sharp, Sonnets of this Contury, Introduction, etc.

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

-Theodore Watts.

These three forms—the Shakespearian, the Miltonic, and the Petrarcan Sonnet—are the standard forms of English sonnets. While they have formal differences, they agree in requiring that the poem be of fourteen decasyllabic lines, the evolution of one single thought or emotion, inevitable in its progress, full of thought, dignity, repose, and splendidly sonorous.

"Swelling loudly Up to its climax, and then dying proudly."

Examples of the three kinds will be found in the Appendix. W.'s, it will be seen, bears a close relationship to Milton's.

# 1. 1.—O Friend! etc. 1838 ed. alone reads, O thou proud city! which way shall I look,

which seems to show that the established reading "Friend" has no particular personal reference.

1. 2.—Plain living, etc. These words are not vain on the poet's part. He and his sister (see Introd.) in 1793 had set about living their best life on an income of one hundred pounds.

I note that a recent magazine poet borrows this line in the following form,

Hardy with abstinence, with high thoughts divine.

-Marrion Wilcox, Like the Good Gcd.

1. 8.—No grandeur now in nature. Read and compare the sonnet

The world is too much with us, late and soon.

- l. 13.—fearful. Anxiously watchful lest evil should prevail.
- 1. 14.—pure religion breathing, etc. Religion, a gentle force animating and guiding all family life.

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### TO THE CUCKOO.

Composition and publication. As stated by Wordsworth, this was "composed in the orchard at Town-end, Grasmere, 1804." According to Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal the poem must have been begun in 1802. On Friday, March 22nd and 25th of that year, she notes the mildness and beauty of the morning, adding, "William worked on the Cuckoo poem." It was published in the second volume of *Poems*, 1807.

Theme of the poem. The Cuckoo. "These birds frequent gardens, groves, and fields, in fact any localities where their insect food is abundant. . . In habits the Cuckoo is wild and shy, a tolerably swift bird on the wing, frequenting chiefly such places as are well covered with trees and groves; and so shy and watchful is it, that to approach within gun-range of it is generally most difficult. . . The note of the male is the well-known call which is generally heard, and consists of two syllables uh, uh, rather than ku-ku. which when the bird is greatly excited, is rendered ku-ku-ku."—Dresser, Birds of Europe, v. 197, 205.

The Cuckoo had an especial attraction for Wordsworth. He speaks of the 'thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo.' His poems on this theme and the allusions in his works are very numerous. In 1801 he translated Chaucer's The Cuckoo and The Nightingale; in 1804 the present poem was composed. Two years later the impression of the cuckoo's song echoing among the mountains near Rydal Mere called forth "Yes, it was the Mountain Echo." In 1827 the sonnet To the Cuckoo voiced the gladness of the bird's song at Spring. While the poet was travelling in Italy in 1837, the familiar voice of the bird greeted him, and awakened the thoughts embodied in The Cuckoo at Laverna. In his last years the present of a clock once more recalled

the delights of childhood hours, and found an acknow-ledgment in *The Cuckoo-Clock*, 1845.

- l.4.—But a wandering Voice. Wordsworth describes it as a "vagrant voice" in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. The phrase aptly describes the bird, which is heard and not seen. It is classical in origin; the nightingale being vox. et præterea nihil, which phrase is attributed to the Greeks. The story of Echo, who had only voice left, is parallel.—Ovid, Met. iii. 397.
  - ll. 5-10.—While I am lying... The reading of 1845.
    - 1807. While I am lying on the grass, I hear this restless shout: From hill to hill it seems to pass, About, and all about!
    - 1815. While I am lying on the grass, Thy loud note smites my ear!— From hill to hill it seems to pass, At once far off and near!
    - 1820. While I am lying on the grass,

      Thy loud note smites my ear!

      It seems to fill the whole air's space,

      At once far off and near!
    - 1827. While I am lying on the grass, Thy twofold shout I hear, From hill to hill it seems to pass, At once far off and near.
    - 1832. While I am lying on the grass,
      Thy twofold shout I hear,
      That seems to fill the whole air's space,
      As loud far off as near.
  - 1. 6.—Thy twofold shout. Cf.

Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from the loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

-Wordsworth, Power of Sound, II.

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,

Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

--Wordsworth. Excursion, ii, 346 f.

1. 7. - From hill to hill. Cf.

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

—Tennyson, The Gardener's Daughter.

# 9-13.—Though babbling. This is the reading of 1827.

1807. To me, no Babbler with a tale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou tellest, Cuckoo! in the value
Of visionary hours.

1815. I hear thee babbling to the Vale Of sunshine and of flowers; And unto me thou bring'st a tale Of visionary hours.

1820 (l. 11). But unto me. . .

1. 12.—Of visionary hours. The suggestive and musical effect of a long word aptly used is a peculiarity of the poet. Cf.

Or hast thou been summoned to the deep, Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep An incommunicable sleep.

-The Affliction of Margaret.

But she is in her grave, and, oh,

The difference to me!

-She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.

Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides.

-The Solitary Reaper.

1. 15.—no bird, but an invisible thing. Tennyson imitated this happy turn in describing the bulbul or Eastern nightingale:

The living airs of middle night Died round the bulbul as he sung; Not he: but something which possess'd The darkness of the world, delight, Life, anguish death, immortal love, Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd, Apart from p'ace, withholding time, But flattering the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

-Recollections of the Araman Arghits

1. 31. unsubstantial.\* Suggested possibly by Prospero's description of the earth's dissolution,—

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind.

-Shakspere, Tempest iv. i.

faery. A variant form of fairy. This spelling is preferred by the poets to exclude the undignified associations of the latter form;—resembling fairyland in its beautiful unsubstantial visionary character. Cf. Keats. To a Nightingale, 1. 70.

## SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

Composition. Composed almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake (Fenwick note). This was before 1827, when the sonnet appeared in the poet's edition of collected works issued in that year.

Theme. The objections to the sonnet are due to its exquisitely wrought form, which seems to check pure and direct expression, and to its narrow field of fourteen lines, which seems to limit thought. The latter objection is met by Wordsworth in the Sonnet, Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room. A Renaissance form, too, its revival in the latter half of the eighteenth century may be taken as part of the Romantic movement, and the partizans of the narrow classical school looked upon it with disfavour. Dr. Johnson remarked of it, "The fabric of a sonnet,

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however adapted to the Italian ranguage, has never succeeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed."

1. 3.—Shakespeare unlocked his heart. Against Wordsworth's belief may be set Browning's disbelief in Shakspere's personal revelation in the Sonnets—

With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart, once more!
Did Shakspeare? If so, the less Shakspeare he!
—House.

The question has divided poets and scholars into two camps—Hugo, Hallam, Swinburne, Dowden, Furnivall, Sidney Lee, regard them as autobiographical; Browning, Halliwell-Phillipps, Stoddard, regard them as pure poetry. Present controversy is concerned only in determining who are the characters of the sonnets. They seem to tell the story of Shakspere's love of the Earl of Southampton and of an unknown "dark lady", who, until recently, was thought to be Mary Fitton.

1. 4.—lute. A stringed instrument of music resembling a guitar, but requiring great skill in its use; once in high favour for chamber-music.

Petrarch's wound. Francesco Petrarch (pë'trark) was born at Arezzo in 1304 and died at Arquà in 1374. His father was banished from Florence in 1301 along with Dante, both being "Whites" or democratic republicans. Avignon, France, became the home of the former. There Petrarch saw, in the church of St. Clara, the Laura who inspired his canzones and sonnets, the faithful wife of Hugo de Sade. Near Avignon he wrote those sonnets in the Tuscan dialect which give him a share in the glory of Dante of having founded a new language. In 1341 he received the laurel crown at Rome as the greatest living poet.

1.5.—Tasso. Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), one of the greatest and most unhappy of poets, conquered the homage of Italy by his poetic gifts even in early youth. He

was called to the court of Alfonso d'Este, duke of Ferrara. In 1572 he wrote Aminta; in 1575 he had finished his great epic of Jerusalem Delivered. Already his misfortunes had begun. Fable says that he was chased from the court for loving his patron's sister, and finally shut up in a madhouse by the order of the duke. Always verging on madness, he spent his last days wandering among the Italian cities. Death even deprived him of the triumph and crown of laurel that were prepared for him in Rome in 1595.

Tasso's sonnets frequently have Leonora d'Este as their theme. She was to Tasso, says Hasell, "what the dead Beatrice was to Dante—an inspiration, an ennobling and elevating influence."

1. 6.—Camoens (kam'ō enz). Luiz de Camoens (1524-1579), the chief poet of Portugal. His great poem is the epic Os Lusiados, The Lusitanians; but he is the author as well of more than three hundred and fifty sonnets. His life was full of mishap. He spent sixteen years in exile in India, consoled by the memory of his love of Donna Caterina Ataida, in whose honour many of his sonnets were written.

The line read in 1827-

Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief.

- 1.7.—gay myrtle leaf. The myrtle is a fragrant evergreen shrub or small tree, with shining green leaves and white flowers. In antiquity it was sacred to Venus, and used in festivals.
- 1. 8—cypress. Regarded, because of its gloomy foliage, as symbolic of mourning—here of sad meditation on his country and his own misfortunes. These gave the tone of the *Divine Comedy*, a "vision" of the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise.

Dante. This greatest of Italian poets (1265-1321) spent a life "fallen upon evil days." amidst the terrible political

struggles of Florence. The Vita Nuora, which narrates his love of Beatrice, contains various sonnets and canzones voicing some aspect of this passion.

1. 10.—It cheered mild Spenser. This gentle and knightly poet wrote ninety-two sonnets. From the eighteenth sonnet it would seem that the writing of them was a relaxation after the labour spent upon the Faerie Queen. It is to this sonnet that Wordsworth alludes—

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which these six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half foredone,
And gather to myself new breath awhile.

By "dark ways" Wordsworth seems to mean Spenser's misfortunes consequent on Tyrone's rebellion; but it was three years subsequent to the publication of the Sonnets.

1. 12.—Milton. Milton wrote some twenty-four sonnets, of which six are in Italian. The "trumpet" sonnets are especially those on Cromwell and the massacre of the Vaudois; those on his blindness, to Cyriac Skinner, and on his deceased wife, were written amidst affliction.

### ODE TO DUTY.

Composition. "This ode is on the model of Gray's Ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's Ode to Fortune. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern law-giver. Transgressor, indeed, I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves, and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make companions at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us."

1. 1.--Daughter of the Voice of God. So Gray begins, addressing Adversity as daughter of Jove, being of divine order, leading men to wisdom.

Wordsworth's words are suggested by biblical passages, as when Moses was to receive the Commandments. "God answered with a voice" (Ex. xix. 19). Duty followed from the command.

- 1. 3.—light to guide. Cf. Psalms cxix. 105.
- a rod...to reprove. Cf. Proverbs xxix. 15.
- 1.5.—victory and law. Duty amidst the tumult of our fears make clear to us our course following which we are given victory over our terrors.
  - 1. 8.—And calm'st the weary strife. Till 1815 this read—

From strife and from despair; a glorious ministry.

1. 12.—the genial sense of youth. The instinctive impulses of youth, which Wordsworth's philosophy treats as of divine origin. Cf. p. 2, 1. 29, and

I moved among mankind With genial feelings still predominant; When erring, erring in the better part And in the kinder spirit.

-The Prelude, xi.

- ll. 15f.—Oh! if through confidence misplaced, etc. The reading of 1836.
  - 1807. May joy be theirs while life shall last!

    And thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!
  - 1827. Long may the kindly impulse last!

    But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!
- 1.20.—its own security. Needing no outside help to preserve it. The impulses of a happy nature are just: joy, therefore, will be preserved through its very nature.
- ll. 21f.—And they a blissful course, etc. Until 1827 this read—

And blest are they who in the main This faith, even now, do entertain.

- 1. 23.—this creed. Belief in the suffering of love and joy.
  - 1. 24.—Yet seek thy firm support. The reading of 1845.
    - 1807. Yet find that other strength, according to their need.
    - 1836. Yet find they firm support, according to their need.
  - 1. 25.—untried. In the sense of 1 Peter, iv. 12.
- 1. 27.—being to myself a guide. This touch of the poet's personal history is developed in *The Prelude*, xi.—

Personal Liberty
Which to the blind restraints of general laws
Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed
Upon an independent intellect...
... wished that Man
Should...spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight.

- 11. 29ff.—And oft when in my heart...stray. The reading of 1827.
  - 1807. Resolved that nothing e'er should press
     Upon my present happiness,
     I shoved unwelcome tasks away.
  - 1815 And oft when in my heart was heard Thy timely mandate, I deferred The task imposed from day to day.
- 1. 37.—unchartered freedom. Liberty not guaranteed by law—like the liberties of a town not guaranteed by a charter from the Crown. Cf.

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty.

-Wordsworth, Sonnet, Nuns fret not.

- 1. 40.—that ever. Till 1827—which ever.
- 1. 45.—Flowers laugh. Wordsworth transfers to Duty the gifts of Venus, at the touch of whose feet the earth burst into bloom.

### THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

Composition and publication.—After a year at Alfoxden in the neighbourhood of Coleridge, the two poets and Dorothy Wordsworth set out, Sept. 16th, 1798, for Germany. (See Introd.) While Coleridge went on to Ratzeburg to absorb German language, philosophy, and life, the Wordsworths buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society or literature or climate—the winter was terribly severe—but driven back upon himself, the impulse from his Alfoxden life prompted him to one of the most productive periods of his life. In Goslar he wrote Nutting, The Poet's Epitaph, The Fountain, Two April Mornings, Ruth, began The Prelude, and composed (1799) the various Lucy poems. These last are the lyrics beginning:—

- (i.) Strange fits of passion have I known.
- (ii.) She dwelt among the untrodden ways.
- (iii.) I travelled among unknown men.
- (iv.) Three years she grew in sun and shower.

  (v.) A slumber did my spirit steal.

They form an interesting group of poems of ideal love, and should be read in connection with one another.

The Lucy poems were first published in the new enlarged ed. of the Lyrical Ballads, London, 1800, and reprinted 1802, 1805, etc. The variations in the text are of the slightest.

The subject of the poems of Lucy. "The Goslar poems include those addressed to Lucy. Some have supposed that there was an actual Lucy, known to Wordsworth in Yorkshire, 'about the springs of Dove,' to whom he was

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attached, who died early, and whose love and beauty he commemorates in these five memorial poems. There is no doubt that the intensity of the lines, the allusion to the spinning wheel, to the 'violet by the mossy stone half hidden from the eye' to the 'bowers where Lucy played,' to the 'heath, the calm, and quiet scene,' all suggest a real person. We only wish there were evidence that it had been so. But there is no such evidence."

—Knight, ix. 187.

The Baroness von Stockhausen, nevertheless, has written a tale called *Veilchenduft* (Violet-fragrance), which weaves about Wordsworth the incidents suggested in the *Lucy* poems.

Critical comments. Coleridge recognized the beauty of the poem with ungrudging admiration. "I would rather have written Ruth, and Nature's Lady [Three Years, etc.]," he told Sir H. Davy (Oct. 9, 1800), "than a million such poems [as Christabel]." W. A. Heard says of it: "Nature speaks to our minds, but her sounds and music also affect body as well as soul. Wordsworth does not separate the physical and the spiritual; nothing is solely physical in its effect, everything has a spiritual result. This combination of physical and spiritual teaching in nature is the idea embodied in Three years she grew. One stanza is specially apposite: 'And she shall lean her ear,' etc. This is not only true poetry, but it has a Platonic felicitousness of language as the expression of a philosophy."—Wordsworth Soc. Proc., vi. 55.

Ruskin's appreciation of the poem is marked with his usual wonderful insight. In Sesame and Lilies (Of Queens' Gardens), he quotes most of this poem in the following context:

"The first of our duties to her [woman]....is to secure her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty. I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far; only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the source and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty [stt. 1, 2, 4, 6 of this poem are quoted]....This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty:—

'A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet,'" etc.

The whole of Queens' Gardens is indeed a beautiful commentary on this poem.

—The title. The poem is indexed in Lyrical Ballads, Three years she grew in sun and shower. In edd. 1843, 1846, etc., it is indexed and paged, Lucy. Otherwise it has remained without title Mr. Palgrave in the Golden Treasury invents the sub-title given.

1.7f. — Myself will .... with me. In 1802 the poet changed the lines to:

Her Teacher I myself will be, She is my darling; and with me

but wisely returned to the original text in 1805.

1. 10f.—In earth and heaven,...an overseeing power. The philosophy of this beard illustration from every line of **Tintern** Abbey, as from the following:—

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessings.

-Tintern Abbey, l. 122ff.

1. 13f.—sportive as the fawn, etc.

When along the lawn she bounds,
Light, as hind before the hounds.

—Ambrose Phillips, The Stray Nymph.

1.20.—for her the willow bend. The willow is pre-eminent for its lithe grace, with which it here imbues the Maiden.

1. 23.—Grace that shall mould. This is the reading in 1802, but ed. 1800 reads,

A beauty that shall mould her form

1. 31.—vital feelings. "'Vital feelings of delight,' observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life. And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you can put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue."—Ruskin, Sesame and Lilies, ii. § 71.

1. 36.—Here in this happy dell. "Observe, it is 'Nature' who is speaking throughout, and who says, 'while she and I together live.'"—Ruskin, ib.

1. 39.—She died, and left to me. "How empty, desolate, and colorless Nature, without Human Life present, becomes to the Poet, we gather from the conclusion of *Three years she grew*."—James Russell Lowell, *Wordsworth Soc. Tr.*, viii., 76.

1. 40.—this calm, and quiet scene. Calm, is the authoritative reading (1805, '43, '46, etc.); yet 1802, Morley, and other recent editions read, "calm and quiet scene."

On this poem Dowden remarks: "The third stanza expounds the meaning of 'law and impulse'; the fourth tells of education through visible beauty; the fifth of impulses from sound; the sixth of the vital joy communicated by the life of nature."

Hutton observes: "If any one doubts the real affinity between the expressions written on the face of nature and those human expressions which so early interpret themselves, even to infants, that to account for them except as a natural language seems impossible, the exquisite poem on 'Lucy' ought to convert him."

### THE GREEN LINNET.

Composition and publication. The Green Linnet is one of the many beautiful lyrics of the Grasmere period. "The cottage in which Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode, and which still retains the form it wore then, stands on the right hand, by the side of the coach-road from Ambleside to Keswick, as it enters Grasmere, or, as that part of the village is called, Town-END. The front of it faces the lake; behind is a small plot of orchard and garden ground, in which there is a spring, and rocks; the whole enclosure shelves upward toward the woody sides of the mountains above it."-Memoirs of Wordsworth, i. 157. "At the end of the orchard was a terrace, where an arbour or moss-hut was built by Wordsworth; in which he murmured out and wrote, or dictated many of his poems... The moss-hut is gone, and a stone seat now takes its place." -Wordsworth Country, pp. 61ff.

This poem was written in 1805. Wordsworth in his note to Miss Fenwick states that the poem was composed "in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described."

Many of Wordsworth's poems are associated with this orchard-Farewell, To a Butterfly, The Green Linnet, The

Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly, The Kitten and the Falling Leaves, Lines in Thomson's Castle of Indolence. The Green Linnet has the closest associations of all, and "is as true to the spirit of the place in 1887 as it was eighty years ago" (Knight).

It was published in the second volume of Poems, 1807.

Theme. The Green Linnet. The Greenfinch or Green Linnet, is one of the commonest of British birds, though not found in America. "Its familiar haunts are in our gardens, shrubberies, and pleasure-grounds... Its song commences in April, at which time the birds also pair. There is nothing striking in its music—it is a song which bears some resemblance to that of an inferior Canary; and it is only when several birds are singing in chorus that their notes are at all attractive. In spring half a dozen cock-birds will sometimes be seen in a single tree; and when they are all warbling together, one against the other, the effect is very harmonious and pleasing.

"The adult male Greenfinch has the general colour of the plumage. bright yellowish green, brightest on the rump, and shading into slate-grey on the flanks and lower belly, and into yellowish white on the under tail-coverts. The crown, the sides of the head and neck, the throat and breast ... slate-grey; the wings are brownish black."—Seebohm, ii. 74ff.

# 11. 1-8.—Beneath these fruit-tree boughs...

1807. The May is come again;—how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And Birds and Flowers once more to greet,
My last year's Friends together;
My thoughts they all by turns employ;
A whispering Leaf is now my joy,
And then a bird will be the toy
That doth my fancy tether.

1815 (l. 3) And Flowers and Birds once more to greet.

The present version of stanza i. appeared first in the 1827 ed.

1. 10.—covert of the blest. 'Covert' (O.F. couvert, per. part of couvrir, to cover), hiding-place, shelter.

1. 15.—the revels of the May. A picture of the birds at spring-time taken from the rejoicings of the country folk on May-day. The festivities of May-day—gathering haw-thorn-flowers, sports, and dancing round the May-pole are called 'the May.'

1. 18.—one band of paramours. Birds and butterflies are pairing; in the fields,

'No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:'

but the Linnet is still alone (sole, L. solus, alone).

paramour. (O.F. paramour, with love, as a lover), lover, wooer—an archaic sense.

1. 26.—That twinkle to the gusty breeze. Only Tennyson equals the picturesqueness of such a line as this; cf.

Below the chestnuts, when their buds Were glistening to the breezy blue.

-The Miller's Daughter.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver.

-Lady of Shalott.

1. 25.—Amid yon tuft. 1827 ed., Upon yon tuft.

11. 33.-My dazzled sight...

1807. While thus before my eyes he gleams.
A Brother of the Leaves he seems;
When in a moment forth he teems
His little song in gushes;
As if it pleased him to disdain

The voiceless Form which he did feign, While he was dancing with the train

Of leaves among the bushes.

1820 (l. 38). The voiceless Form he chose to feign.
1827 (ll. 33f.) My sight he dazzles, half deceives,
A bird so like the dancing leaves.
Then flits, etc. (as in our text).

1843. The Bird my dazzled sight deceives.

Our text is the reading of 1832, as finally adopted in 1846.

202 NOTES.

#### SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

Composition and publication. As the Fenwick note states, this poem was "written at Town-end. Grasmere [1804]. The germ of this poem was four lines [probably ll. 1-4,—Knight] composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious." The vague hint in "written from my heart" is made clear by Christopher Wordsworth's note in the Memoirs, i. 204f., and the testimony of Chief Justice Coleridge giving the poet's own statement—(Memoirs, ii. 306).

The poem was published in the first volume of *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. While Wordsworth was a school-boy at Penrith a fellow-pupil of his was his cousin Mary Hutchinson. In 1789 while still a student at Cambridge, Wordsworth revisited Penrith, where his sister and Mary Hutchinson were living. When the poet returned from his visit to Germany in 1799, he went first to Sockburn where Mary Hutchinson was then living. At Dove Cottage she was a frequent visitor. On the 4th of October, 1802, the two were married. "There was," says Knight, "an entire absence of romance in Wordsworth's courtship... He loved Mary Hutchinson; he had always loved her; and he loved her with an ever-increasing tenderness; but his engagement to her seemed somehow to be just the natural sequel to their early unromantic regard."

Then came two years after his marriage the most beautiful tribute ever paid to wife, the lines "She was a Phantom of Delight." In the same strain are the lines in The Pre-lude:—

Thereafter came

One whom with thee friendship had early paired;
She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.

—Prelude, xiv.

The Dedication of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, 1807, commemorates the deep still affection binding the husband and wife, brought closer together by the loss of children. In 1824, two poems addressed to his wife record the poet's deepest love and the sustaining help of her faith. After thirty-six years of life together, the poet wrote from his

"O, my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.

l. 5.—eyes as stars of Twilight. The star-like beauty of eyes has often been noted.

Or from star-like eyes doth seek.

—Carew, Disdain Returned.

The poet adds the milder radiance seen at twilight.

1. 8.—From May-time. . . dawn.

heart:-

1836 ed, From May-time's brightest, loveliest dawn.

Cf.

She seem'd a part of joyous spring.

-Tennyson, Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.

il. 15 6.—A countenance.. as sweet. "There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the cause, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. The lines beginning,—

'Three years she grew in sun and shower,' are then quoted.

"Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

'A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet.'

"The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise."—Sesame and Lilies, II. §§ 70, 71.

1. 22.—pulse of the machine. "The use of the word machine" in the third stanza has been much criticized. For a similar use of the term see the sequel to The Waggoner:—

Forgive me, then; for I had been On friendly terms with this Machine.

The progress of mechanical industry in Britain since the beginning of the present century has given a more limited, and purely technical, meaning to the word than it bore when Wordsworth used it in these two instances."—Knight, iii. 5. To this might be added that Wordsworth had Shakspere's authority for this sense of the word,—

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.—Hamlet, ii. ii. 124,

- 1. 24.—between. In 1832 ed., betwixt.
- 1. 36.—an angel-light. This is the reading of 1836; that of 1807 is, an angel light; that of 1845, angelic light.

# COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Composition. In 1802 Wordsworth and his sister Dora left Dove Cottage, Grasmere, to make a flying visit to France. Dora Wordsworth's *Journal* gives the following details associated with the Calais sonnets:—

- "We arrived at Calais at four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 31st of July.
- "We walked by the sea-shore almost every evening. We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky; the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves, brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands."

This journey resulted in the composition of a number of sonnets that are among the finest in our language. The present sonnet and the one that follows it were composed at Calais, in August, 1802. They were published in *Poems* in 1807.

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See the sonnet on the "Sonnet." pages 58 and 159. In another sonnet Wordsworth expresses his fondness for this form of composition:—

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room; And hermits are contented with their cells; And students with their pensive citadels: Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom, Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom, High as the highest peak of Furness Fells, Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells: In truth, the prison, unto which we doom Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me, In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground: Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be) Who have felt the weight of too much liberty, Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

"What are the advantages which the sonnet offers to compensate for the difficulties which it presents, for the restraints which it imposes? Why has the sonnet been, with poets at least, so favorite a metre? They have felt, no doubt, the advantage of that check to diffuseness, that necessity of condensation and concentration which these narrow limits impose. Oftentimes a poem which, except for these, would have been but a loose, nebulous vapor, has been compressed and rounded into a star. . . . The sonnet, like a Grecian temple. may be limited in its scope, but like that, if successful, it is altogether perfect."—Trench.

"Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless lore like that the billows teach;
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach
From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
As through the billowy voices yearning here,
Great Nature tries to find a human speech."

-THEODORE WATTS.

"A second invaluable merit which I find in Wordsworth is this: he has something to say. Perhaps one prizes this merit the more as one grows old, and has less time left for trifling. Goethe got so sick of the fuss about form and technical details, without due care for adequate contents, that he said if he were younger he should take pleasure in setting the so-called art of the new school of poets at naught, and in trusting for his whole effect to his having something important to say."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Wordsworth's sonnets, it will be seen, bear the closest relationship to Milton's, though often the Petrarcan rhythm is observed. "In the cottage at Town-end, Grasmere," said the poet, "one afternoon in 1801, my sister read me the Sonnets of Milton... I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote, except an irregular one at school "—Fenwick note to Happy the Feeling.

Theme. "How simple are the elements of these delights! There is nothing here except fraternal affection, a sunrise, a sunset, a flock of bright wild flowers; and yet the sonnets on Westminster Bridge and Calais Sands, and the stanzas on the Daglodils, have taken their place among the permanent records of the profoundest human joy."—MYERS.

1. 12.—with many a fear. The poet was not blind to the evils of contemporary England—its reactionary spirit before the prospect of liberal reform, its commercialism, its union with the monarchial powers of Europe against France. 208 NOTES.

# COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802.

Composition. In 1802 Wordsworth and his sister Dora, who were living at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, made a flying visit to France. Dora Wordsworth's Journal gives the following details: "July 30th.—Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning outside of the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river—a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, and were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own spectacles... Arrived at Calais at four in the morning of July 31st."

Wordsworth states, in his note to Miss Fenwick, that the poem was "written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France"; and dated the poem, inaccurately, however, in all editions, 1807.

Title. Westminster Bridge. This bridge crossed the Thames almost before the river front of the Houses of Parliament; it was finished in 1750. The present bridge was constructed 1854-1862.

- 1. 4.—like a garment. "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment."—Psalm civ. 2.
- 1. 10.—In his first splendour. The beauty of early sunrise in the country is here introduced to emphasize the beauty of sunrise in the city.
- 1. 14.—that mighty heart...still. This line sums up the impressive effect of power and vastness, as held in peace and rest.

#### TO SLEEP.

Composition and publication. This sonnet is the second and best of three on the same subject, composed in 1806, and published in 1807. The others begin .

O gentle sleep! do they belong to thee? Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep.

The subject with other poets. The lines recall numerous innovations of like nature elsewhere:—

The lament of King Henry-

O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, etc.

II. Henry IV., iii, i.

Macbeth's cry,-

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,"; the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast.

-Macbeth, ii. ii.

Sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken! Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.

Longfellow, Tales of a Wayside Inn, Elizabeth.

1. 8.—cuckoo's melancholy cry. The Poets have not always regarded the song of the cuckoo as melancholy.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No winter in thy year.

-Logan, Tothe Cuckoo.

Yet the solitary song, "the loud, guttural call in the depths of the forest."—a "wandering voice"—justifies the epithet.

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# THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Historical note. The influence of France on Switzerland greatly increased during the eighteenth century. With the spread of revolutionary ideas, the tyrannical rule of the Cantons and the aristocracy was more and more resented by the people of the country districts. In January, 1798, the Pays de Vaud revolted, and France intervened in its favor against Bern. With the capture of that city on the 5th of March, 1798, the Swiss confederation—an alliance of the Cantons which had in part lasted from 1291—was at an end. The French Directory established, in place of the Confederacy, a Helvetic Republic, 1798, with a brand-new constitution. The old Cantonal boundaries were disregarded, and a new system of government and justice set up. Switzerland was looked upon as a conquest, and as such was dictated to and despoiled.

Different districts revolted against the "dictates of the foreigner," among which Midwalden was conspicuous with its two thousand men against sixteen thousand French. Its chief town. Stanz. was blotted out in smoke and blood: but the heroic struggle awoke admiration and pity throughout Germany and England. Switzerland, thus in French hands, became an outwork of France against Austria, and the military burdens placed on her were intolerable. The partizans of the old order kept up a struggle to the death. In November, 1798, Napoleon returned from Egypt, and began to plan the government of Switzerland. Finally in 1802 he withdrew French forces from the country in consequence of the treaty of Amiens. Civil war broke out. Napoleon offered his "mediation," and supported the offer by advancing forty thousand men. By the Act of Mediation, 1803, the Cantonal Government was restored, with a central Diet. But Switzerland was only a subject state, paying its tribute of 16,000 soldiers to the French army.

Wordsworth's politics. The French Revolution at first found in Wordsworth a devoted champion. He had visited France in 1790, and again in 1791, when he remained in that country for thirteen months, witnessing some of the stormiest scenes of that stormy time. His early enthusiasm chronicled itself in the words.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!

But the September massacres, the execution of the king and queen, the deification of reason, the anarchy in the state tempered this early enthusiasm, though without shaking his confidence in the young Republic. Then, when the Revolution became a war of conquest, and the supremacy of Napoleon ended the aspirations of the people and threatened the liberty of Europe, Wordsworth turned from his republican sympathies to conservatism, and sought refuge from disappointed social ideals in poetry.

with holy glee. "In 1807, the whole of the Continent of Europe was prostrate under Napoleon. It is impossible to say to what special incident (if any in particular) he refers to in the phrase, 'with holy glee thou fought'st against him'; but, as the sonnet was composed at Coleorton in 1807—after Austerlitz and Jena, and Napoleon's practical mastery of Europe—our knowledge of the particular event or events would not add much to our understanding of the poem."—KNIGHT, iv. 65.

## l. 9. - Of one deep bliss.

The lordly Alps themselves,

• Those rosy peaks, from which the morning looks Abroad on many nations, are no more For me that image of pure gladsomeness Which they were wont to be,

-Wordsworth, Prelude, xi.

## LONDON, 1802.

Composition and publication. This sonnet was written and published in the same circumstances as the preceding.

l. 1.—Milton. John Milton (1608-1674). W. had especially in his mind Milton's strenuous efforts in the cause of Puritanism and just government, on behalf of the Vaudois, and for the liberty of the press; his conception of the high calling of the poet, his intense moral strength, and intellectual greatness; the magnificence of his style and the rich music of his verse; the utter loneliness of his life, when, blind and poor, he meditated his lofty epic, while around him echoed the shouts of Royalists triumphing over the cause to which he had sacrificed his best years. See Green, Short Hist., 451ff., 510ff., 575, 582ff.

There is a special appropriateness also in addressing Milton in a sonnet. From Milton's sonnets W. first learnt many of the great qualities of his own. Elsewhere he abundantly shows his reverence for his master:—

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold Which Milton held.

-It is not to be thought of.
That mighty orb of song,

The divine Milton.

-The Excursion, i. 249f.

1.2.—England....is a fen. For the other side of the picture, see such poems as The Birkenhead:—

And when they tell you 'England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer,' tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay! etc.
—Sir Henry Yule (1820-1889.)

1. 4.—the heroic wealth of hall and bower. Hall and bower are frequently conjoined in old literature; the former the characteristic place of the men, the latter of

the women. Thus "the heroic wealth of hall and bower" means, knightly men and gentle women, richly endowed with the spirit of chivalry, are no more, and their descendants have lost the right to inward happiness.

- i. 4.—dower. This inward happiness was the gift and result of noble action, as a dower comes by established, even inherent right.
- 1. 5.—inward happiness. Notice W.'s insistence on the inward life. It pervades his poetry.

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

-I wandered lonely as a cloud.

The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

—A Poet's Epitaph.

With a eye made quiet by the power Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things.

-Tintern Abbeu.

- 1. 8.—manners. Not knowledge of etiquette merely or necessarily; but ceasing to be "selfish men," being heartily considerate of others.
- 1. 9.—like a Star, and dwelt apart. Cf. W.'s tribute to Newton,—

The statue....

Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever

Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

—The Prelude.

1. 10.—voice whose sound was like the sea. The mighty splendour of Milton's blank verse,—the theme of many a poet

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time and Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

—Tennyson, Experiments.

1. 14.—on herself. So in 1820, but 1807, on itself.

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# INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Composition and publication. This sonnet is one of a series on ecclesiastical subjects. "During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a .. Friend in a walk .. to fix upon the site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings. Not long after some of the Sonnets were composed. The Catholic Question. kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me, that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country, might advantageously be presented to view in verse."—W., 1822. "My purpose in writing the series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation."

The subject of the sonnet. King's College, Cambridge, and the magnificent Chapel, the glory of the University, were founded in 1441 by Henry VI. (1421-1472). The work of building the Chapel, interrupted by the murder of the king, was continued with intermissions by Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., who was chiefly instrumental in bringing it to completion. It was finished shortly after 1527.

The Chapel stands on the north side of the court, facing the great Gothic hall of the College; the Cam, spanned by a single-arched bridge, runs past on the west. Its dimensions are noble,—in length 316 ft., breadth 84 ft., extreme height, 146 ft. Towers rise at each angle. On either side eleven buttresses, crowned with lofty pinnacles, separate twelve magnificent windows. "The interior has a richly vaulted roof of twelve divisions or severies, of the pattern called fan tracery. In the centre of each division is a pendant keystone faced with a rose.... The spaces between the windows are filled with niches and with roses, portcullises, and fleur-de-lis.... Throughout the building the stone

carvings are of astonishing boldness, and in the first style of art." (See Cooper, *Memorials of Cambridge*, I. 171ff., where splendid engravings of the College and Chapel are to be found.)

W., it will be remembered, was a student in St. John's College, Cambridge. One of the two sonnets is the probable outcome of W.'s visit to Cambridge in November and December of 1820. Knight, Life, iii. 53f.

l. 1.—the royal saint. It is said of Honry VI., that "his misfortunes and meek piety greatly endeared him to the common people, who reverenced his memory with intense devotion. It was believed that miracles were wrought at his tomb, and Henry VII. made an attempt to get him canonized."—Cooper, I. 173.

1. 2.—the Architect. As usual with medieval architecture, the architect's name is nowhere preserved.

1. 3.—Albeit. "All (though) it be," although.

scanty band. The first foundation provided for only twelve scholars more or less. The number was soon increased and determined at seventy, which is the number to-day. These are chosen from students of Eton College.

1. 4.—white-robed scholars White-robed, 1822; white robed, 1848, 1846. Clothed in surplice for divine service in the Chapel.

1. 6f.—Give all thou canst, etc. "I would place first that spirit....which offers for such work precious things, simply because they are precious; not as being necessary to the building, but as offering, surrendering, and sacrifice of what is to ourselves desirable....It is a spirit, for instance, which of two marbles, equally beautiful, applicable and durable, would choose the more costly, because it was so, and of two kinds of decoration, equally effective, would choose the more elaborate because it was so, in order that it might in the same compass present more cost and more thought."—Ruskin, Seven Lamps of Architecture, chap. i.

- 1. 9.—lofty pillars. Strictly there are no pillars; yet the buttresses of the walls are fashioned inside like pillars.
- 1. 10.—self-poised. "This most singularly beautiful and ingenious structure [the inner roof of stone] is so contrived that it has no dependence whatever upon the walls ....the whole weight of the roof being supported by the buttresses and towers alone....Such a combination of ingenuity with beauty, of lightness with stability, of architectural symmetry with mechanical skill, is probably without a parallel in any part of the world "—The Cambridge Guide, p. 77.

scooped into ten thousand cells. The vaulted roof is divided into twelve parts of equal height, and each vault is marked by lines converging ('i that branching roof'') at the buttresses that support it; these lines are again cut by concentric circles, and elaborate stone tracery fills every space.

# THE SAME, CONTINUED.

This is the third of the group of three sonnets on King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and forms part of a series of *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, which is divided into three parts. Part III. contains forty-six sonnets, and the triad on King's College occurs near the end.

The second sonnet of the group runs thus:-

What awful perspective! while from our sight With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.

Martyr, or king, or sainted eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus—yourselves unseen—
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen.
Shine on! until ye fade with coming night!
But, from the arms of silence—list! oh, list!
The music bursteth into second life;—
The notes luxuriate—every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of eestasy.

The poet here departs from his usual theme. Nature,

"The silence that is in the starry sky, The sleep that is among the lonely hills,"

and chooses to celebrate the glories of architectural art. At the beginning of the Sketches we find the following note:-" For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of sonnets; but the reader, it is hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have the effect of a poem in the form of stanza, to which there is no objection but one that bears on the poet only-its difficulty." This method of connecting two or three sonnets, each complete in itself and vet so related that it is a constituent part of the whole group, was apparently the invention of Wordsworth. Tennyson later applied the same idea to the construction of his In Memoriam, in which each number. containing within itself a certain number of stanzas and possessing its own unity, is also an integral part of a wider unity embracing a section of the poem.

"Wordsworth found a new use for the sonnet. While others had addressed several sonnets to the same person, no one until his time had so united a series that, while each sonnet was complete in itself, it at the same time formed a stanza of a larger poem."—GEORGE.

- 1. 4.—the aisles of Westminster. Westminster Abbey is supposed to have been erected in the earlier part of the seventh century. Most of what is now standing was completed in the middle of the thirteenth century, and has the form of an irregular cross. Length, 511 feet; extreme breadth, 203 feet; height of nave, 102 feet; height of the towers, 225 feet.
- 1. 8.—that younger pile. St. Paul's Cathedral. It stands on the site of the old church which was built about the beginning of the seventh century but was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. The present cathedral was com-

menced in 1675, and was completed in 1710. It is in the form of a Latin cross. Length, 500 feet; length of transept, 285 feet; height of the towers, 222 feet; height of the dome, 365 feet. It ranks fifth in size among the cathedrals of Europe.

- 1. 13.—mementos. On the walls are hung many famous old battle-flags, etc.
- 1. 16.—overflowing dead. Many of the English sovereigns lie buried here, as well as a host of distinguished statesmen, soldiers, poets, etc.
- "Wordsworth's sonnet never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close; but is thrown up like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness."

  C. C.

#### TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

This sonnet was published in 1815.

- "The brook referred to is doubtless either the Rotha or the Rydal beck. The Easdale beck, a tributary of the Rotha, runs among 'rocky passes' and 'flowery creeks,' and has numerous 'water-breaks'; and as this was the favorite haunt of Wordsworth when he first settled in Grasmere, he may imaginatively go up the Rotha, and take the Easdale beck up the valley past 'Emma's Dell.'"—KNIGHT.
- 1. 2.—curious Inquisitive, searching for new and beautiful subjects to paint.
- 1. 5.—water-breaks. Rapids, broken water. This pronunciation is now local, and is still heard in the northern counties of England.
  - 1. 6. Until 1827 this line read:

If I some type of thee did wish to view.

type. Idealized picture, visible appearance of the spirit of the waters here addressed.

1.7.—thee, and not thee thyself. Thy essential essence and personality, not thy mere outward shape and tangible form.

1. 8.-artists. Sculptors.

l. 9.—naiad. Water nymph, female water deity of the old mythology.

Brook . . . If wish were mine . . . I would not do, etc.

What is the thing that the poet would do? State the substance of the sonnet in the positive and affirmative form.

C. C.

#### WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY.

Composed September, 1802; published 1807.

To appreciate this sonnet, one must refer to the experience of the author. In the autumn of 1790, along with a college friend, he made a pedestrian tour through France and Switzerland to the north of Italy, and during the journey seems to have adopted the republican sentiments which were then rife in France. The great revolution against feudalism was just brewing, and the poet hailed with enthusiasm the new era of liberty that seemed to be opening for the world. The striking scenes of the first acts in the great revolutionary drama were going on, and stirred Wordsworth's soul to its depths.

In November, 1791, he returned to France and spent thirteen months in the midst of the exciting scenes of the revolution. The tricolor fluttered over him, the tocsin sounded in his ears, and he heard the fiery debates in the National Assembly and at the Jacobin Club. He visited Orleans, and took long walks on the banks of the Loire with the republican General Beaupis. He spent the summer at Blois and reached Paris just after the horrid September massacres. The king and his family were in prison; France was proclaimed a republic; the Reign of Terror was beginning. The poet was appalled by scenes

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of carnage that haunted him for years. Circumstances took him back to England, and this probably saved him from perishing in the excesses of the sanguinary mobs.

However, he remained republican in political faith for some years; but as he grew older his opinions gradually changed, so that in the end he became a Conservative in politics, and advocated a strong government which should administer rigidly existing institutions and alter them only slowly and gradually, according to experience.

When he next visited France, in company with his sister, about midsummer, 1802, ten years had gone past; his enthusiasm for France was abated, and he had no confidence in Napoleon. Conversely, he came to look with admiration and confidence upon the stable and settled government of his native land. The changes in his fundamental principles were not great—the change was chiefly in their application. "The hopes and affections which revolutionary France had so deeply disappointed were transferred to what was most historic, most strongly rooted by custom and usage, in traditional and unreformed England. He left behind him for ever all the beliefs and anticipations and illusions which, like spells, had bound him to Jacobin France, and settled down into the sturdy English Tory patriot of the beginning of the century."

See High School History of England, chap. XXIV., for the chief events of these years.

The peace of Amiens was concluded in March, 1802. See notes, pages 153, 175, 178, 189, 181, 182. C.C.

# SEPTEMBER, 1819.

Composed 1819; published 1870.

corn-clad fields. Wheat fields. September is the harvest month for most of England. The word corn is there used in the sense of *grain*, while in America it generally means Indian corn or maize.

the blue lake. Most probably Rydal Mere, near which the poet's cottage was built.

Albeit. Al, in the old sense of though, be, and it. The meaning is: be it so, although, notwithstanding. Poetry delights in old forms and archaic words that enable it to keep its diction apart from that of ordinary discourse. Wordsworth's theory was opposed to this idea; but in practice he often forgot his theories on the philosophy of poetry. Compare sooth (truth) in the preceding line.

Music of the spring. The singing birds of Great Britain are far more numerous and varied than those on the American continent. The lark, thrush or throstle, the nightingale, robin redbreast, and many others contribute to the wonderful melody of "the sylvan slopes." "vocal groves," hedgerows, and every "leafy shade"—all of which must be really heard before its extent and variety can be comprehended.

But list! Probably the poet had in mind those passages in which Christ points to the birds as striking examples of God's providence.

Compare the beginning and the end of the poem and note the progress from external observation to internal reflection and meditation. The climactic order of treatment is followed, reaching from the simple joy of the sunlit landscape up to the moral sublime at the conclusion.

C

## UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

Composed 1819; published 1870.

my leaf is sere. As Wordsworth still lacked six months of being fifty years old, and was in the prime of health and strength, this stanza evidently refers to the falling off in his power of poetic production. The first or youthful period closed about 1808, and his middle and mature period about 1818 or 1819, after which he seldom reached

the same elevation and power in his verse. Nevertheless nearly one-third of the great body of his verse was published subsequently to 1819 down to 1847.

temperately rejoice. This is a characteristic expression and marks well the tone of Wordsworth as compared with Burns and Byron. He is never immoderately glad or sad, never allows his emotion to carry him captive, but is always under a certain temperance and self-restraint. In the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" he explains his standpoint:—

"I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind."

As Mr. Dowden says, "He cared profoundly for man, but nature and man alike are given to the reader only after they have been subjected to certain Wordsworthian processes of feeling."

But some their function. The statement is general, but the next stanza shows that the poet is thinking of the literature of England. "On the moral character of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, from Dryden to Congreve, it is not easy to be too severe. This part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed, but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, 'earthly, sensual, devilish.'"—Macaulay.

William Wycherly and the rest are thus described by Dr. Johnson:—

"Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ; Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit."

the initiatory strains. This refers to the Saxon Caedmon rather than to Chaucer. Early British poetry of the

seventh, ninth, and tenth centuries is largely religious and all more or less thoughtful and reflective. The most remarkable of the religious poems are those of Caedmon, a monk of Whitby, who wrote a metrical paraphrase of many portions of the Bible. He died about 680.

the live chords. Alcaeus of Mytilene, in the island of Lesbos, was the first of the Æolian lyric poets, and flourished about 600 B.C. He wrote odes, songs, epigrams; and invented the Alcaic metre. In the civil war he took the side of the nobles against the tyrant of the island, and cheered them on by his animated odes, full of invective against the despot. However, his party was defeated.

Woe, woe to tyrants. In the fragments of Alcæus' poetry that have come down to us, classical scholars find nothing that exactly corresponds to this expression. This much, however, is certain—Pittacus, the tyrant, banished him on account of his poems.

the Lesbian maid, i.e., Sappho, born at Mytilene or at Eresus, in the island of Lesbos, and flourished about 600 B.C. Her ode to Aphrodite (Venus, Love) is accounted as one of the most perfect in the Greek language. This complete ode and a few fragments of other poems are all that now remain of her writings. The allusion here is to her famous ode.

Æolian lute. The legendary history of Greece divides the Greek people into four tribes, viz., Dorians, Æolians, Ionians, and Achæans. At an early period, emigrations from Greece to Asia Minor began, and the Æolian colonies were among the first established by the Greeks on the islands and the eastern shores of the Ægean Sea. They occupied the northern district from the Hellespont to the Hermus range, formed a league of eleven cities, and produced some famous writers, most of whose works are lost.

Who patiently explore. In A.D. 79, a violent eruption of Vesuvius, accompanied by a tremendous shower of

ashes, suddenly overwhelmed the little towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, burying them to a depth of 10 to 20 feet. The sites were lost for centuries, until accidentally discovered in 1748, and important excavations were made in 1755. Under Napoleou the French carried on this work, 1806-1814, and under the Bourbons it was continued. In 1752, the discovery of 1800 rolls of ancient books written on papyrus filled scholars with the hope that many lost books of antiquity might be found in these buried libraries, such as the lost books of Livy and Tacitus, and the poems of Cicero and Simonides. This hope has not been realized, and only 350 of the books found have been successfully unrolled.

some Theban fragment. Thebes was the chief city of Beotia, and no other city is more celebrated in the legendary period of Greek history. Cadmus is said to have brought to Thebes from Phoenicia or Egypt the sixteen letters of the first Greek alphabet. It was the birthplace of the blind seer. Tīrēsias, one of the most renowned sooth-savers in all antiquity. It was the burial-place of the famous Amphion, husband of Niobe. At the sound of his lyre the stones moved to their places and built the wall of the city spontaneously. It was the birthplace of the two great mythological divinities. Dionysius and Hercules. The former was the vouthful, beautiful Bacchus, god of wine, and grandson of Cadmus; the latter the most celebrated of all the heroes of antiquity and the subject of innumerable legends. Here Œdipus met his tragic fate, and here was fought the celebrated war of "The Seven against Thebes." In historical times Thebes produced Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who are unsurpassed in Greek history for the greatness of their achievements or the nobility of their characters. A fragment of history, or poetry, or sculpture from Thebes would be full of interest.

pure Simonides. Born in the island of Ceos about 556

B.C. He wrote Greek elegy and epigram very perfectly, and there was in him "a Dorian solemnity of thought and feeling which qualified him for commemorating in elegy and epigram and funeral ode the achievements of Hellas against Persia." He was pervaded by that virtue for which Ceos was noted— $\sigma\omega\phi\rho\sigma\sigma'\nu\eta$ , temperance, moderation, self-restraint. This is seen in the morality of his life and in his literary art, as shown in the fragments of his poems and sayings that have come down to us in numerous anecdotes. Hence the epithet, "pure."

Horace gloried . . . Maro loved. Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the greatest Roman lyric poet, born 65 B.C.; and Publius Virgilius Maro, the greatest Roman epic poet, born 70 B.C. Horace refers once or twice to Simonides, but no reference is found in Virgil's works. The meaning is general. These later poets of antiquity read with delight the older books of Latin and Greek literature which are now lost and sealed to us moderns.

C. C.

### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

Written 1797, published 1800. It originally contained the following concluding stanza:—

Poor outcast! return—to receive thee once more The house of thy father will open its door, And thou once again, in thy plain russet gown, May'st hear the thrush sing from a tree of its own.

The poet states in his notes:—"This arose out of my observation of the affecting music of these birds hanging in this way in the London streets during the freshness and stillness of the spring morning."

"Poetry is allowable only when the thing to be said is worth saying better than prose can say it. Poetry, therefore, requires *good* thought and *strong* feeling."—Angus.

"The bewilderment of London taught him to recognize with an intense joy such fragments of things rustic, such aspects of things eternal, as were to be found amidst that rush and roar. . . . Among the poems describing these sudden shocks of vision and memory, none is more exquisite than The Reverie of Poor Susan. The picture is one of those which come home to many a country heart with one of those sudden 'revulsions to the natural' which philosophers assert to be the essence of human joy."—Myers.

"Beethoven wrote over the score of his Pastoral Symphony, 'Thoughts of a man going into the country in early spring.' People when they hear the symphony sometimes think they hear the song of birds, or the wind in the tree-tops, or the ripple of a brook. This was not what Beethoven meant to convey. He wished to reproduce the soul of man as it listens to bird, or wind, or brook. Thus it was with Wordsworth. . . . Sometimes he sings as if his song were a very echo to the sounds he hears; but nature or the activities of men do not merely rebound from him in simple description; they pass through his mind and partake of its character."—

Masterpieces of British Literature.

Wood Street. In London there are four Wood Streets. The one mentioned here runs north from Cheapside.

Lothbury. This street is close by, behind the Bank of England. C.C.

#### TO MY SISTER.

Text. The text of this and other poems of Wordsworth is Knight's reprint of Wordsworth's final text of 1849. Various readings of other editions are given, partly from collations, chiefly from Knight's list of variants.

Circumstances of composition. This poem was composed in 1798, in front of Alfoxden House (Fenwick note), and first published in *Lyrical Ballads*, first ed.

The title will be clearer if the earlier title in the edd. 1798-1815 be recalled—"Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they were addressed." The present title was adopted in 1845.

Theme. Ostensibly chronicling a trivial incident in daily life, the poem really develops a fundamental part of the new philosophy of the interaction of nature and human life, which it was Wordsworth's mission to proclaim.

My Sister. Dorothy Wordsworth was one year and nine months younger than her brother William, and the only girl in a family of five children. When she was little more than six years old her mother died, and the children were separated. Never again for any length of time was she with William till 1795, when she was four-and-twenty. and kept house for him at Racedown Lodge, Dorsetshire; and they began at once to live the lives of true poets. feeding their eyes and minds with fair sights and great thoughts, and content with daily bread. Here began the work of Dorothy's life. She at once became his guardian angel. Her helpful and healing sympathy came to his aid, we are told: by her tact she led him from the distracting cares of political agitation to those more elevating and satisfying influences which an ardent and contemplative love of nature and poetry cultivate. She became

devotedly attached to the poet, and put aside the attractions of the worldly society open to her to join herself to her brother's fortunes. Their life at Racedown, Alfoxden, and Grasmere, was one of poverty and self-denial, joined with high intellectual and emotional delight in nature and poetry. In 1832 her mind was affected and she remained an invalid till her death in 1855. See also p. xviii.

Coleridge describes Dorothy Wordsworth:—"She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expect to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; or if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent. impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say. 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various; her life watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer." De Quincey's testimony is that "Some subtle fire of impassioned intellect burned within her."

Further study of this admirable woman can be made in Wordsworth's other poems To a Butterfly (both poems), The Sparrow's Nest, Prelude, Bks. xi., xii., xiv., Recluse, and in De Quincey. Lake Poets—Wordsworth, and her own Journals, edited by Knight (Macmillan).

1. 1.—It is the first mild day of March. Cf. the opening of another poem of the same time and place—

I heard a thousand blended notes, etc.

The season is that of southern England.

- 1. 2.—before. The punctuation of our text is the reading of all standard editions.
- 1.3.—the tall larch. The larch mentioned . . . was standing when I revisited the place in May, 1841, more than forty years after.—Wordsworth. It is now gone.
- 1.7.—Mountains. The Quantock Hills. See Introduction, p. xx.

- 1. 10.—Your morning task. Dorothy's Journal at Alfoxden makes very clear that the household work was done by her—washing, ironing, hanging out linen, going for eggs. Memoranda of that sort are varied by such records as this: "March 6th. A pleasant morning, the sea white and bright, and full to the brim. I walked to see Coleridge in the evening. William went with me to the wood," etc.
- 1. 13.—Edward. "My little boy messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu."—Wordsworth). This child, the son of a London barrister, was in Wordsworth's charge for a few years. See Wordsworth's Anecdote for Fathers.
- 1. 17.—No joyless forms. Note the reaction from even the calendar of civilization.
- 1. 23.—From earth to man, from man to earth. The eternal dialogue of the spirit of man and the spirit of the universe—Wordsworth's essential teaching. This is more definitely taught in the Influence of Natural Objects, where he tells how the Soul of the universe wove into his being the "helpful passions" of life through intercourse in solitude amidst woods, hills, and quiet lakes. One feels the same thought current in Nutting.
- 11. 25-6.—One moment now . . . toiling reason. A further development of Wordsworth's philosophy. The spirit of man that is quietly receptive of the influences of nature. may gain from it, he held, more truth and strength than from the study of books or human affairs. The same theory is the basis of the four poems that follow this and others such as Three Years She Grew in San and Shower and, in part, The Highland Girl. Thoreau, the recluse of Walden, believed the theory. Rousseau is largely responsible for this belief in the high efficacy of nature as a teacher of humanity. Wordsworth's views in this respect are derived, with large modifications, from Rousseau.

Their value has been criticised; a recent writer, Mr. Davison, in his Rousseau and Education according to Nature, pronounces Wordsworth's philosophy "immoral to the core—" which is wild,

The reading till 1836 was-

Than fifty years of reason.

1. 29.—may make. Till 1826 this read—will make.

1. 33f.—the blessed power that rolls, etc. What is this "blessed power?" Wordsworth was scarcely a pantheist. It is true he says—

I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still.
-Prelude. ii.

Yet "Nature's self" he defines as "the breath of God."

It is "blessed" since he finds in it-

A never-failing principle of joy

And purest passion.

—Prelude, ii.

See the note on the theme of Expostulation and Reply.

1. 35.—frame the measure. Dispose so as to harmonize (with a certain sentiment). The phrase develops the thought in Il. 31, 32, which is continued in I. 36.

1. 36.—They shall be tuned to love. This is the best teaching of the new poets; Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley unite in glorifying loving kindness as the saving spirit of humanity.

#### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

Circumstances of composition.—This poem belongs to the same period as the preceding. "It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798." (Fenwick note.) It was first printed in Lyrical Ballads. 1798. "This poem is a favourite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions." (Fenwick note.)

Theme. Again is Wordsworth's philosophy here implicit. Some one reproaches the poet with dreaming through the day, neglecting books; but his reply is that our senses can put us in touch with the truest source of knowledge, if we, being watchful of them, let them feel. Then, said the poet elsewhere,—

We are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

—Tintern Abbeu.

"Wordsworth," says Shairp, "had felt, and after reflection had made the feelings a noted and habitual conviction, that the world without him, the thing we call Nature, is not a dead machine, but something pervaded by a lifesometimes he calls it a soul; that this living Nature was a unity; that there was that in it which awoke in him calmness, awe, and tenderness; that this infinite life in Nature was not something which he attributed to Nature. but that it existed external to him, independent of his thoughts and feelings, and was in no way the creation of his own mind; that, though his faculties in nowise created those qualities in Nature, they might go forth and aspire towards them, and find support in them . . . The invisible voice which came to him through the visible universe was not in him, as has often been asserted, a Pantheist conception. Almost in the same breath he speaks of

Nature's self, which is the breath of God,

and

His pure word by miracle revealed.

He tells us that he held the speaking face of earth and heaven to be an organ of intercourse with man,—

Established by the sovereign intellect Who through that bodily image hath diffused, As might appear to the eye of fleeting time, A deathless spirit."

-On Poetic Interpretation of Nature.

Thoreau's testimony is here of interest. "Sometimes, on a summer morning, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, wrapt in a reverie, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang in solitude around or flitted noiseless through the house... I grew in those seasons like corn in the night."—Walden, "Sounds."

The opinion of the Philistine of this theory is voiced in Macaulay's comment on *The Prelude*:—' There are the old flimsy philosophy about the effects of scenery on the mind; the old crazy mystical metaphysics," etc.

- 1. 8.—the spirit breathed, etc. This is almost Milton's noble praise:—'A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—Areopagatica.
- Il. 10-12.—no purpose, etc. Referring to the ordinary pursuits of life, and to the achievements of men of learning—both of which the poet is said to neglect.
- l. 13.—Esthwaite Lake. The little lake at Hawkeshead, Lancashire.

Oft before the hours of school
I travelled round our little lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering.

-Prelude, ii.

1. 15.—Matthew. Representative of the lover of books. Matthew, who is associated with various poens (e.g. Mat-

thew), is only in part drawn from Wordsworth's beloved headmaster of the Hawkshead school, the Rev. William Taylor. "Like the Wanderer in The Excursion, this schoolmaster was made up of several, both of his class and men of other occupations." (Fenwick note.)

1. 32.—dream my time away. Wordsworth does not despise books, as may be seen in *Personal Talk*, III. (p. 49). Yet they are second in power to Nature—

Speak of them as Powers
Forever to be hallowed; only less . . .
Than Nature's self.

—Pretude, v.

#### THE TABLES TURNED.

Circumstances of composition.—The poem was written at Alfoxden, from memories of Hawkshead, in 1798, and published in *Lyrical Ballads* of that year.

Theme. The theme is continued from the preceding; but here it is the poet of nature who reproaches the student of books.

ll. 1-4.—Up! up! my Friend, etc. This read until 1820—

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks, Why all this toil and trouble? Up! up! my friend, and quit your books, Or surely you'll grow double.

- 11. 5f.—the mountain's head....lay green fields. A description of the vale of Esthwaite. Westward Yewdale Fell and Coniston "Old Man." and northerly the distant view of Fairfield and Helvellyn; near by the "green fields," bordering the lake.
- 1. 10.—the woodland linnet. A bird of over five inches long, usually reddish-brown and grey in colour—found generally in thickets and heathery glens. Its song is not

specially fine, being "short but pleasant." See also Wordsworth's Green Linnet.

1. 12.—wisdom. Interpret in the light of stanza v. ff.

1. 13.—throstle. The song-thrush or mavis—"a large, handsome bird, with a speckled plumage of yellowish or reddish-brown and white." The song is most noticeable in early morning and late evening—"a flute-like melody...full of rich cadence, and clear and deep." Cf.

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest
By twilight premature of chord and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
—Wordsworth, Sonnet, Hark! 'tis the Thrush.

## 1. 14.—He, too. This read till 1815—

And he is no mean preacher.

1. 28.—We murder to dissect. Wordsworth's work—his interest in the innerlife, his sense of mystery, his belief that knowledge of the infinite comes to us unsought—all is a protest against that era of reason, the eighteenth century. He had been misled by abstract schemes of government, based on abstract reason. He pleaded now for a better organ of investigation, the sensitive intellect and the intelligent heart, for science pervaded with love.

This criticism of science is open to misconception, as when Ruskin says of Wordsworth:—'·He could not understand that to break a rock with a hammer in search of crystals may sometimes be an act not disgraceful to human nature, and that to describe a flower may sometimes be as proper as to dream over it."—Modern Painters, III., xvii, § 7.

## INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

Circumstances of composition. This poem was written during the poet's residence in Germany in 1799. It was first published in Coleridge's periodical *The Friend*, 1809. It was incorporated with other descriptions of the poet's early life in *The Prelude*, i.

Theme. The theme is descriptive of the vale of Hawkshead and Esthwaite lake. Wordsworth's recollections of the effect of his out-of-doors experiences furnish the persuasive proof of his theory that Nature is a pure and beneficent teacher. Note that the teaching here is simply the clear pictures, the suggestions of loneliness and mystery that Nature intertwines with the soul—not moral teaching as in the preceding poem.

l. 1.—Wisdom and Spirit. See "the blessed power" in To My Sister, and note. Universal nature, Wordsworth implies, has immanent in it, a soul, wise, spiritual, which is eternal thought, and by virtue of it all appearances of Nature derive their life (breath) and their everlasting variations. Compare Goethe's description in Faust of the earth-spirit working at the whirring loom of Time, weaving the living vesture of God.

1. 7.—passions that build up. Cf.

We live by admiration, hope, and love.
—Wordsworth, Excursion, iv., 763.

l. 8.—Not with.—The reading of 1809 was—nor with.

mean and vulgar works of Man. A line significant of the protest against urban civilization raised by Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and the other poets of revolutionary thought. Cf. Cowper's famous line—

God made the country, and man made the town.  $- Task, \ {\bf i}, \ 794.$ 

1. 14.—A grandeur. Since harmonious with the universal soul.

( . miss . s. M beads ... ...

- 1. 20.—trembling lake. Esthwaite.
- 1. 21.—homeward I went. Till 1836—I homeward went.
- 1. 23.—Mine was it. Till 1845—'Twas mine among the fields.
- l. 27.—through the twilight blazed. MS. variant—blazed through twilight gloom.
  - 1. 29.—for me. The reading of 1809 was—to me.
  - 1. 31.—village-clock. The reminiscence is repeated in—

The church-clock and the chimes Sing here beneath the shade.

-Wordsworth, The Fountain.

- 1. 33.—for his home. Till 1827—for its home.
- 1.37.—loud-chiming. The hounds yelling in the chase are described as chiming. Cf.

Chime ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
Ye shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
—Kingsley, Ode to the North-East Wind.

The reading till 1842 was-loud bellowing

- 1. 40.—Smitten. Till 1845—Meanwhile.
- 1. 42.—Tinkled. The sharp ringing echo is meant.

far-distant. Till 1842-while the distant hills.

1. 50.—the reflex. The reading from 1827.

1809. To cut across the image of a star.
1820. To cross the bright reflection of a star,

1. 52.—The glassy plain.

1820. That gleamed upon the ice.

- Il. 53 ff.—given our bodies to the wind, etc. As he is borne on by the wind, the banks seem to rush towards him in his flight; stopping short he feels them still flying past, like the earth moving visibly; more even seem to follow, but, as the illusion fades, ever more slowly, till at last all is calm as a summer sea.
- l. 63.—as a summer sea.  $\,$  MS. variant—as a dreamless sleep.

### NUTTING.

Circumstances of composition.—Written in Germany in 1799, and published in 1800. "Intended as part of a poem on my own life (i.e. The Prelude), but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my schoolfellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure the Vale of Esthwaite, abounding in coppice wood, furnished a very wide range. These verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings I had often when a boy, and particularly in the extensive woods that still stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Graythwaite, the seat of the ancient family of Sandys." (Fenwick note.) "The hazel coppice is still abundant, and the place to which the Fenwick note refers can easily be identified" (Knight).

1. 5.—cottage-threshold. "The pupils in the Hawkshead school, in Wordsworth's time, boarded in the houses of village dames. Wordsworth lived with one Anne Tyson, for whom he ever afterwards cherished the warmest regard, and whose simple character he has immortalised. (See especially Book iv. of *The Prelude*.)

"Dame Tyson's cottage is reached through a picturesque archway...and is on the right of a small open yard...to the left, a lane leads westward to the open country. It is a humble dwelling of two stories. The floor of the basement flat paved with the blue flags of Coniston slate."—Knight.

Till 1827, this line read-

When forth I sallied from our cottage door.

1.6.—with a huge wallet. The reading of 1832.

1800. And with a wallet o'er my shoulder slung.

1815. With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung.

1. 8.—Tow'rd some far-distant wood. Till 1836 this read—Towards the distant woods.

- 1. 9.—cast-off weeds. Till 1815—of Beggar's weeds. Weed (A.S. wed, garment), clothing.
  - ll. 10 f.—which for that service, etc. Reading of 1815.
    - 1800. Put on for the occasion, by advice And exhortation of my frugal Dame.
- ll. 14 ff. O'er pathless rocks...I came. Till 1836 this read—

Among the woods.

And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way, Until, at length, I came. . . .

- 1. 20.—tempting clusters. Till 1845 this read—milk-white clusters.
  - 1. 33.—fairy water-breaks. Cf.

With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel.

-Tennyson, The Brook.

1.50.—Ere from the mutilated bower. Till 1836 this read—

Even then, when from the bower I turned away.

- 1. 52.—I felt a sense of pain. "His ravages ended... the sight of the deep shades, an hour ago unbroken, but now rent by the intruding light of heaven, fills him with secret pain. Nothing can be at once more subtle and more universal than these impressions...the impressions which inspired the creators of myths."—Legouis.
  - 1. 54.—dearest Maiden. His sister Dorothy.

# OPINIONS, CRITICISMS, AND EXERCISES.

"The highest quality of art is to conceal itself; these peasants of Schiller's are what every one imagines he could imitate successfully: yet in the hands of any but a true and strong-minded poet they dwindle into repulsive coarseness or mawkish insipidity. Among our own writers, who have tried such subjects, we remember none that has succeeded equally with Schiller. One potent but ill-fated genius has, in far different circumstances and with far other means, shown that he could have equalled him: The Cottar's Saturday Night of Burns is in its own humble way as quietly beautiful as the scenes of Tell. No other has even approached them; though some gifted persons have attempted it. Mr. Wordsworth is no ordinary man: nor are his pedlars, and leech-gatherers. and dalesmen without their attractions and their moral: but they sink into whining drivellers beside Rösselmann the Priest, Ulric the Smith, Hans of the Wall, and the other sturdy confederates of Rütli."-CARLYLE.

"In his Lyrical Ballads and The Excursion, Mr. Wordsworth appeared as the high priest of a worship of which nature was the idol. No poems have ever indicated a more exquisite perception of the beauty of the outer world or a more passionate love and reverence for that beauty. Yet they were not popular. The feeling which pervaded them was too deep for general sympathy. Their style was often too mysterious for general comprehension.

. . . What Mr. Wordsworth had said like a recluse, Lord Byron said like a man of the world, with less profound feeling, but with more perspicuity, energy and conciseness "—MACAULAY.

# 240 OPINIONS, CRITICISMS, AND EXERCISES.

- 1. Point out by way of contrast the respective characteristics of the two poems, The Ancient Mariner and Michael.
- 2. Give an account of *The Solitary Reaper*, including an outline of the thought and a description of the form of the poem.
- 3. Write a short descriptive note on each of the following, to show who or what is meant and the connection with the action of *The Ancient Mariner*:—The wedding-guest, the albatross, the skeleton ship, the spectre-woman, the inspired corses of the dead crew, the supernatural motion of the ship, the hermit. Quote a few lines where you can from the context.
- 4. "Wordsworth's limitations are inseparably connected with his strength."—Myers.

Set down in orderly fashion what impressions you have received from Wordsworth's poetry. Avoid exaggeration of the "limitations" and the "strength" and reduce your statement to the shortest possible form.

- 5. Under the following heads give your impressions after reading Coleridge's Ancient Mariner:—
  - (a) Musical effects.
  - (b) Dream-pictures.
  - (c) Concreteness and picturesqueness.
  - (d) Surprise power and novelty.
  - (e) The supernatural machinery.
  - (f) Tranquilizing close.
- 6. "His friendly criticism of Mr. Quillinan's verse helps us to form an idea of the careful and minute study he probably bestowed upon his own composition before sending it to the press, in order to ensure the entire suitability of every word to the expression of his thought."—The Cornhill Magazine.

State in detail what evidences you have seen that Wordsworth carefully filed and polished his verse with studious care. Refer to any other poets who are noted for laborious self-criticism.

- 7. From a review of the biographical sketches given in this book, draw a contrast between Coleridge and Wordsworth in regard to:—
  - (a) Physical health and strength.
  - (b) Financial positions.
  - (c) Friendships and domestic life.
  - (d) Theories and ambitions.
  - (e) Will power and tenacity of purpose.
  - (f) Poetical gifts and creative literary powers.
  - (g) Their masterpieces of literary art.
- 8. "As the boy has nothing special to recommend him—neither beauty, virtues, talents, nor reciprocal attachment, in any special degree, and as he was destined to incur a grievous moral shipwreck, the poet's delineation represents parental fondness with no more than one special heightening circumstance. . . . The labors and sacrifices of parents for children usually make a prominent feature in the embodiment of the emotion; and full justice is done to it in Wordsworth's story. . . . He handles the feeling in its later stage and evokes some of the chief circumstances of interest."
  - (a) What was the "moral shipwreck?"
  - (b) What is the one "heightening circumstance?"
  - (c) Name "the chief circumstances of interest."
  - (d) What fundamental feeling supplies the motive of this poem?
- 9. Within the compass of half a page of manuscript give an abstract of *The Ancient Mariner*.

- 10. Draw a parallel between Tennyson's Dora and Wordsworth's Michael. Choose suitable headings, and bring out the points of likeness and dissimilarity in short clear propositions. Give a summary of the chief merits of each poem as they have been revealed in your own reading.
  - 11. Write from memory any one of the following:
    - a) Twenty consecutive lines from The Ancient Mariner, beginning "Alone, alone, all, all alone "
    - (b) The first five stanzas of To the Cuckoo.
    - (c) The first three stanzas of the Ode to Duty.
- 12. Give a description (introducing short quotations if possible) of the poems entitled September, 1819, and Upon the Same Occasion.
- 13. State clearly and definitely what you regard as the sources of the great popularity of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Quote where you can, to justify your statements.
- 14. Outline the story of The Ancient Mariner intervening between :-
  - "The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock."

And.

- "And now, all in my own countree, I stood on the firm land!"
- 15. Write a brief article on the sympathy with nature and animal life expressed in The Ancient Mariner, quoting illustrative lines.
  - 16. Write from memory any one of the following:
    - (a) Thirty consecutive lines from The Aucient Mariner.
    - (b) To the Skylark.
    - (c) Fifteen consecutive lines from September, 1819.
    - (d) Thirty consecutive lines from Michael.

17. "No purely realistic description could be conceived. comparable in power and sublimity to this. The silent. lorn, appealing look of the eye is perhaps the most pathetic of all human expressions. In the mere transference of the wearied, despairing gaze of human agony to the ocean, there is an idea conveyed of solitude, dreariness, and woe, which concentrates the descriptions of a thousand calms."

Identify the description. Quote the stanza. Give your own opinion of its "power and sublimity."

18.

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth, May all the stars hang bright above his dwelling, Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth, With light heart may he rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!

To whom does this refer?

19. "Venerable to me is the Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasably royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike."—CARLYLE.

Make a list of ten poems in which Wordsworth has shown the same tender sympathy for the homes, affections, and occupations of the poor. Give a detailed analysis of any one poem on your list, with short quotations.

20. "It was the ring of Necessity whereby we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind of heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions."—CARLYLE.

Quote from a poem of Wordsworth's a parallel passage in regard to Duty. Give a general account of the whole poem to a person who has rever read it.

21. "Thomas De Quincey has, in his 'Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets," fallen foul of Coleridge for not having expressed his obligations to Shelvocke."

What is the allusion? Explain fully what the obligations were.

- 22. Give a short account of the literary activities of Coleridge and Wordsworth during the years 1797 and 1798.
- 23. The titles bestowed by Wordsworth upon his poems are not always felicitous, and many received no title at all. Go through the extracts of this book, and (a) Supply appropriate titles where none are given; (b) Emend any you can or substitute new ones, giving your reasons for the change.
- 24. State where and in what connection the following passages occur:—

(a) "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

(b) "Thou bringest unto me a tale

Of visionary hours."

(c) "Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill; Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!"

(d) "And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

- 25. "The publication of  $Lyrical\ Ballads$  was the symptom of a literary revolution."
  - (a) Give a short account of this publication.
  - (b) Describe briefly the literary revolution.
- 23. State the means by which Coleridge sought in *The Ancient Mariner* to give an air of reality to "persons and characters supernatural or, at the least, romantic." Particularize as far as possible.

27. What does Coleridge consider the characteristic defects of Wordsworth's poetry, and how do they arise? (See his *Biographia Literaria*.)

28.

- "Methinks that there abides in thee Some concord with humanity, Given to no other flower I see The forest through."
- (a) From what poem is this extract taken?
- (b) Show how the theme is developed by the poet.
- 29. "In Coleridge, the delicate harmony of the thoughts is unsurpassed; yet the sweetness of the language, as sound and metre, is still more apparent."—BAIN.

Refer to distinct examples of this harmony of thought and of musical quality.

- 30. Discuss the proportion of the parts that constitute Michael. Is the brevity of the latter part a merit or a defect? Make your answer general by reference to the main purpose of poetry. Compare the finale of this poem with that of Tennyson's Enoch Arden, and show how the redemption of pain is partly effected in each composition.
  - 31. Read Burns' lines To a Mountain Daisy,

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower," etc.

Compare Wordsworth's lines To the Daisy,

"Bright flower, whose home is everywhere," etc.

Bring out as many points of agreement and difference as you can, and arrange them in proper order of importance.

- 32. "Those wan stars, that black cloud with the moon at its edge, and that river of lightning, make up one of the most terrific landscapes ever conceived or portrayed."
  - (a) Identify the landscape.
  - (b) Quote the two stanzas that describe it.

- 33. "There is a delineation of personal beauty, embracing form and movement, and the highest graces and virtues of the mind. . . . The first feature introduced is the eyes. . . . The 'dusky hair' is not highly suggestive. . . . The picture is idealized, yet it . . . does not lose sight of those practical virtues that are the seasoning and the safety of life."
  - (a) Identify the poem criticised.
  - (b) Comment on the opinion expressed.
- 34. "In extolling the greatness of human character, the direct production of good and evil is often kept out of view for a time, . . .; although, in the first instance, efficiency for practical ends is what raises a man upon a pedestal of imposing majesty. . . . It is interesting to note the imagery evoked in this lofty description. The poet's instinct led him to the celestial sphere as the type of intrinsic grandeur. . . In the end he recurs to the virtues of ordinary life, and draws a picture of moral greatness."
  - (a) Identify the sonnet here described.
  - (b) Quote the lines specially referred to.
  - (c) How far does the poet's eulogy rest upon the basis of fact?
- 35. "The secret of complex and melodious blank verse lies in preserving the balance and proportion of syllables while varying their accent and their relative weight and volume, so that each line in a period shall carry its proper burden of sound, but the burden shall be differently distributed in the successive verses."—J. A. Symons.
- "The verse of 'Nutting' and 'Michael' has a simplicity and directness, and an easy go, which are very charming."

  —Prof. Corson.

36.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

- (a) From what poem is this stanza taken?
- (b) Quote some other stanzas from the same poem.
- (c) Tell concisely why this poem may be classed among the masterpieces of the author.

37.

Night closed around the conqueror's way And lightnings showed the distant hill, Where those who lost that dreadful day Stood few and faint, but fearless still? The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal, For ever dimmed, for ever crossed,— O who shall say what heroes feel When all but life and honor's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valor's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watched, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If Death that world's bright opening be,
O who would live a slave in this?

- (a) In a single phrase state the theme of this poem.
- (b) What, do you gather from the poem, are the events or circumstances on which it is based?
- (c) Express clearly in simple prose the meaning of line 1 and of lines 11 and 12.

38. Write a short article on the sonnet. Give the chief laws as to matter and to form. Show any modifications or developments introduced by Wordsworth. Use one or more of his sonnets to make clear the correctness of your statements.

39. Give very briefly in your own words the substance of the thought contained in each of the poems, To Sleep and Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802.

40
"Bright flower whose home is everywhere!
And every season."

Sixteen lines, see page 31 for the extract.

- (a) Name the flower addressed in this poem.
- (b) What is the object of the poem?
- (c) Express briefly in simple prose the meaning of line 2 and of lines 10-12 inclusive.
- (d) What peculiarities of the flower are referred to in the poem, and what use does the poet make of them?
- 41. Explain fully the following passages:-
  - (a) "To Michael's heart
    The son of his old age was yet more dear—

By tendency of nature needs must fail."

- (b) "Not for a moment could I now behold A smiling sea, and be what I have been: The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old; This, which I know, I speak with mind serene."
- (c) "He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."
- 42. Read Robert Burns' poem Tum o' Shanter. Compare it with The Ancient Mariner. Draw out in parallel columns the points of agreement and difference arranged under suitable topics. Give a particular account of the supernatural machinery, the verse employed, and the originality of each poem.

- 43. Tell what you can about Wordsworth's peculiar theories as to poetry. From poems that you know, illustrate how far he follows or disregards these theories.
- 44. "Not only was the want of wit, humor, and the critical faculty deplorably manifest in Wordsworth, but he possessed neither the penetrative and grasping imagination which seizes passion, nor the kindling, creative imagination which gives life and personification. Of this last power there is scarcely an instance in the whole range of Wordsworth's poetry. . . . In the Odes of Coleridge, in his Religious Musings, and scattered through other pieces, are to be found personifications which have never been surpassed."-BAYNE.

Read ten pages of Wordsworth's and ten pages of Coleridge's poetry not contained in this book. Write out a report of your investigation under these topical headings:-1. Wit. 2. Humor. 3. Critical faculty. 4. Imagination.

- 45. Write a note on the versification of The Ancient Mariner under these topics:-
  - (a) The normal line and stanza.
  - (b) Variations of the line, with examples and reasons.
  - (c) Variations of the stanza, with examples and reasons.
  - (d) The rhymes.
  - (e) Melody and rhythm, with examples.
- 46. Describe the marginal gloss of The Ancient Mariner under the headings :-
  - (a) As a summary. (b) As a commentary.
- 47. "Does not the whole course of Coleridge's life indicate sternest effort? His newspaper writing, 'The Friend,' his long researches into metaphysics and theology-do they not show an earnest and noble effort to attain the

'perennial fireproof joys of constant employment?' they not show a soul struggling, with Titanic effort and deadly perseverance, against a viewless but resistless power? Could aught which Southey or Cottle might say instil a deeper abhorrence of opium into Coleridge's mind than was there already? Cottle, actuated by his sincere and tender love, resolved to address him an expostulating letter. How sad are these words in reply: 'You have poured oil in the raw and festering wounds of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is oil of vitriol.'

"And what unfathomable sorrow is here: 'I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. "I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?",

48. "The perusal of Coleridge's poetry is suggestive of stupendous powers never exerted to their full extent and never applied to objects fully worthy of their might. paint with delicate exactness, to evoke visions from dreamland and present them dressed in the gaudy tinsel of fancy, demanding no effort of thought, inspiring no new and nobler life-such could never have been the poetry of Coleridge.

"To flash new light upon the destiny of man and to kindle his eye with light from heaven must ever constitute the true mission of the poet, and to this alone could Coleridge fully and finally have devoted his powers. But to these objects it cannot be said that he ever in full measure devoted them. He has done much; but we are profoundly sensible that he might have done more. . . . In his youth he schemed an epic which might have set him on the same starry pinnacle with Milton. But it was his fate to scheme, while Milton, heroic in every fibre, accomplished.

- 49. "The Ancient Mariner is one of the most wonderful products of modern times. It is a vivid and awful phantasmagoria of weird mystery and terrific sublimity. A vision of wildest grandeur which passed before the poet's ecstatic eye, it was cast into poetic unity by the vivifying power of imagination and limned forth by the poetic hand in magical and meteoric tints to the rivetted eyes of all men. Its graphic power is wonderful. What other men hear of, the poet sees. What other men speak of, he paints. It is perhaps the mingling of awe and mystery and wildest imagining with terrific distinctness of picturing that makes the spell which this poem casts over the reader irresistible. . . . We regard it as one of the most marvellous pieces of imaginative painting to be met with in ancient or modern poetry.
- 50. "It is the spiritual impulse which he communicated to British thought, in the new earnestness and elevated enthusiasm with which he inspired the noblest spirits of our age, in the new life which he kindled in thousands of hearts, that the extent and magnitude of Coleridge's influence are to be seen.
- "From his works in their whole range comes a mild but powerful influence, purging the soul of earthliness, turning the eye heavenward, and nerving the arm to noblest endeavor; while mammonism, selfishness, and baseness, like spectres and night-birds, flee away.
- 51. "Around his career are glories as of empyrean light, and sorrows that might draw tears from the seraphim. Of kind and gentle nature, and by constitution and early education ill-adapted for the sore buffetings of the battle of life; yet his intellectual vision was wide as that of the eagle, his love of nature was deep and delicate, and his intellectual prowess created dumb astonishment. His religion we must, from the whole spirit of his writings, from the deep devotion of his private letters, and from

the agonized struggle of his life, declare to have been profound and all-pervasive."—BAYNE.

59

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed Their snow-white blossoms on my head, With brightest sunshine round me spread Of Spring's unclouded weather, In this sequestered nook how sweet To sit upon the orchard-seat! And birds and flowers once more to greet, My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in Thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

- (a) Give in a line or two the main impression which the poet is attempting to produce upon the reader in these two stanzas.
- (b) Point out the means he employs to obtain this end.
- (c) Why does the author choose the linnet as the subject of his poem?
- (d) Comment upon the aptness of the stanza-form to the feeling.

53.

The stars are stars of morn; a keen wind wakes The birches on the slope; the distant hills Rise in the vacant north; the Chaudière fills The calm with its hushed roar; the river takes An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs, and shakes The morn with music; a snatch of singing thrills From the river; and the air clings and chills. Fair in the South, fair as a shrine that makes The wonder of a dream, imperious towers Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls

Where our young strength is welded strenuously;
While in the East, the star of morning dowers
The land with a large tremulous light, that falls
A pledge and presage of our destiny.

—D. C. SCOTT.

- (a) To what class of poetry does this selection belong?
- (b) Give, in your own words, a detailed description of the scene, and state where it is laid.

54.

"How long in that same fit I lay,

And penance more will do.\*

See page 18-four stanzas.

- (a) What was the cause of "that same fit?"
- (b) Explain the meaning of the following:-
  - "I have not to declare" (line 2).
  - "My living life" (line 3).
  - "in my soul discerned" (line 4).
  - "As soft as honey-dew" (line 15).
- (c) Explain the reply of the second voice in lines 16 and 17, with special reference to the fact that it was a "softer" voice, and yet foretold "more penance."

55.

#### THE SECOND BEST.

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure, Quiet living, strict-kept measure Both in suffering and in pleasure— 'Tis for this thy nature yearns,

But so many books thou readest, But so many schemes thou breedest, But so many wishes feedest, That thy poor head almost turns.

And (the world's so madly jangled, Human things so fast entangled) Nature's wish must now be strangled For that best which she discerns. So it must be! yet, while leading A strain'd life, while over-feeding. Like the rest, his wit with reading. No small profit that man earns.

Who through all he meets can steer him. Can reject what cannot clear him. Cling to what can truly cheer him: Who each day more surely learns

That an impulse from the distance Of his deepest, best existence, To the words, "Hope, Light, Persistence," Strongly sets and truly burns.

- (a) Explain the title of the poem.
- (b) Outline the thought in each stanza.
- (c) Explain in careful detail lines 11-12 and 16-17.

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand, Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamp'd on those lifeless things, The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed; And on the pedestal these words appear: "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away.

-Shelley.

- (a) In what respects does this poem differ from a regularly constructed sonnet?
- (b) What "passions" do you gather are referred to in line 6?
- (c) Whose "hand" and whose "heart" are referred to in line 8?

57. "With consummate art we are left to imagine the physical traces which the mariner's long agony had left behind it by a method far more terrible than any direct description."

What is the method here referred to? Give full details as to the persons affected by the mariner's appearance, and the effect on each.

58

- "Brothers beyond the Atlantic's loud expanse; And you that rear the innumerable fleece Far southward 'mid the ocean named of peace; Britons that past the Indian wave advance Our name and spirit and world-predominance; And you our kin that reap the earth's increase Where crawls that long-backed mountain till it cease Crowned with the headland of bright esperance: Remote compatriots whereso'er ye dwell, By your prompt voices ringing clear and true We know that with our England all is well: Young is she yet, her world-task but begun! By you we know her safe, and know by you Her veins are million but her heart is one.
- a) Give a title for this poem sufficiently indicating the theme.
- (b) Identify the various classes mentioned in the first eight lines of the poem.
- (c) Explain the meaning of the following:

"rear the innumerable fleece" (line 2).

"the ocean named of peace" (line 3).

"crawls that long-backed mountain" (line 7). "headland of bright esperance" (line 8).

"prompt voices ringing clear and true" (line 10).

- (d) Why is there a mark of exclamation after line 122
- (e) Explain the metaphor in line 14 and show the appropriateness of it.

- 59. "The obedience of Nature to physical law is beautifully compared to man's obedience to moral law. It is in keeping with Wordsworth's conception of Nature as having 'a true life of her own,' and as being 'the shape and image of right reason,—reason in the highest sense, embodied and made visible in order, in stability, in conformity to eternal law."—Shairp.
  - (a) To what poem does this refer?
  - (b) Quote the stanza of which this serves as a summary.
  - (c) Describe the metrical structure of the whole poem.
  - d: "An example of the moral sublime based on our loftiest moral abstraction, the most difficult to invest with ever fresh poetic charm."

    Point out examples of the moral sublime, and state some of the means by which the poet overcomes the inherent difficulties of the subject.
- 60. Develop in your own words the thought expressed in the Ode to Duty.
- 61. What are the salient characteristics of the poetry of Wordsworth?
- 62. Read Tennyson's Recollections of the Arabian Nights. The Palace of Art, The Day-Dream, and The Voyage of Maeldune. Select the one most like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Point out in fewest words the resemblances and the differences of the two poems. Use suitable headings arranged in order of importance. Introduce a few details in your comparison to give interest and definiteness.
- 63. "The common joys and sorrows of humanity, albeit their pathos might be disguised by the coarse setting of poverty, or distorted and obscured by the narrow limit of

the human intellect, appealed directly to his heart."—The Cornhill Magazine.

Refer to the selections in this book for definite examples in confirmation of this statement. Give a list of the titles of other poems by Wordsworth to prove that "his whole life is a consistent record of the largest humanitarianism." Compare his poetry in this aspect with that of Cowper. Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Tennyson and Browning,

64. "In Wordsworth's case the zenith of his poetical inspiration was concentrated into a remarkably short space of time."

By reference to the biographies of Coleridge and Wordsworth show that this statement is true of both poets. In brief, give the rise, the climax, and the subsidence of their power, adding dates and titles of poems.

"There was a time when, though my path was rough,

65.

This joy within me dallied with distress, And all misfortunes were but as the stuff Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness: For hope grew round me, like the twining vine, And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine. But now afflictions bow me down to earth: Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth. But oh! each visitation Suspends what nature gave me at my birth, My shaping spirit of Imagination. For not to think of what I needs must feel, But to be still and patient, all I can; And haply by abstruse research to steal From my own nature all the natural man-This was my sole resource, my only plan: Till that which suits a part infects the whole, And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

-Coleridge, 1802.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought, As if life's business were a summer mood: As if all needful things would come unsought To genial faith, still rich in genial good:

But how can he expect that others should Build for him, sow for him, and at his call Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

Far from the world I walk, and from all care; But there may come another day to me— Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

-Wordsworth, 1802.

- (α) Refer to the biographies of the poets to explain the contrast exhibited in these passages.
- (b) "But now afflictions." etc. "But there may come," etc. Write a note on each of these lines, and refer to the circumstances that give them peculiar emphasis.

66.

## THE SHADOWS.

Who has not felt, 'mid azure skies,
At glowing noon, or golden even,
A soft and mellow sadness rise,
And tinge with earth the hues of heaven?

That shadowing consciousness will steal O'er every scene of fond desire;
Linger in laughter's gayest peal,
And close each cadence of the lyre.

In the most radiant landscape's round,
Lurk the dim thoughts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teeming ground,
His sigh must load the perfumed air.

O for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading drest,
The unfalt'ring strain, the unclouded heart,
The joy, the triumph, and the rest!

- (a) Discuss the appropriateness of the title; point out the bearing of each stanza on the theme.
- (b) In simple prose explain the meaning of the following:—

"tinge with earth the hues of heaven" (line 4).

"That shadowing consciousness will steal (lines 5, 6)
O'er every scene of fond desire."

"Close each cadence of the lyre" (line 8).

"In the most radiant landscape's round, (lines 9, 10)

Lurk the dim thoughts of crime and care."

"His sigh must load the perfumed air" (line 12).

"the suns that never part" (line 13).

- (c) Write brief notes to express the full significance of the following words as used in the poem:

  azure (line 1), mellow (line 3), teeming (line 11), unfalt'ring (line 15), rest (line 16).
- 67. Compare Milton's ode, On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, Gray's ode, The Bard, and Coleridge's ode, France, with Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.

Refer to High School Reader, pages 67, 111, and 205.

- (a) From these examples deduce the principles that distinguish the ode from any other kinds of poetry.
- (h) Exhibit in concise form the metrical structure of the last two odes mentioned.
- c) Characterize briefly each of the four odes in regard to the autobiographical element contained. How far does each contain a selfrevelation of the author's life, character, and predominant ambition?

68.

"Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! . . . .

In wood and thicket, over the wide grove, They answer and provoke each other's song. With skirmish and capricious passagings And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug. And one low piping sound more sweet than all-Stirring the air with such a harmony That, should you close your eyes, you might almost Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes, Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed. You may perchance behold them on the twigs, Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full, Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade Lights up her love-torch. . . . Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve, And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!" -Coleridge, 1798.

O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart":—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these pleasant groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed, and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me!
—WORDSWORTH, 1806.

Compare these two passages under the following heads:—
(a) Time and place. (b) The birds and their music. (c)
The verse. (d) Modes of developing the subject. (e) Selfrevelation of the poets and foreshadowing of their careers.
(f) Your preference with three reasons.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour, England hath need of thee: she is a fen Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen, Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, Have forfeited their ancient English dower Of inward happiness. We are selfish men; Oh! raise us up, return to us again; And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power. Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart: Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way, In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

- (i) Examine this sonnet as to (i) form, (ii) divisions of thought.
- (b) Compare lines 9-11 with lines 12-14. Account for any change you notice.
- c) Explain: "heroic wealth of hall and bower," "a voice whose sound was like the sea," "fen of stagnant waters."
- 70. Describe the form of the sonnet employed by Wordsworth, and state the excellencies that particularly characterize his sonnets.
  - 71. Ode to Duty, p. 59, Stanzas I. and III.
    - a) Show the appropriateness of the appellations "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!" and "a rod to check the erring," line 4.
    - b) Show the appropriateness of the description. "who art victory and law when empty terrors overawe," lines 5, 6.
    - (c) What is the exact meaning of "vain," line 7?
    - (d) How does Duty "calm the weary strife of frail humanity," line 8?
    - (e, Explain under what circumstances "love is an unerring light, and joy its own security," lines 19, 20.

- 72. In The Reverie of Poor Susan, what is particularly characteristic (a) of Wordsworth's choice of subject, (b) of his tendencies in thought and feeling, and (c) of his style?
- 73. Briefly characterize the poetry of Wordsworth and compare it with the portions of Shelley and Tennyson you have read. Bring out the qualities these writers possess in common and those peculiar to the personality of each. Illustrate your views by quotations from the poems you have read.
- 74. What is Wordsworth's purpose in telling the story of Michael? By what means does he effect that purpose?

75.

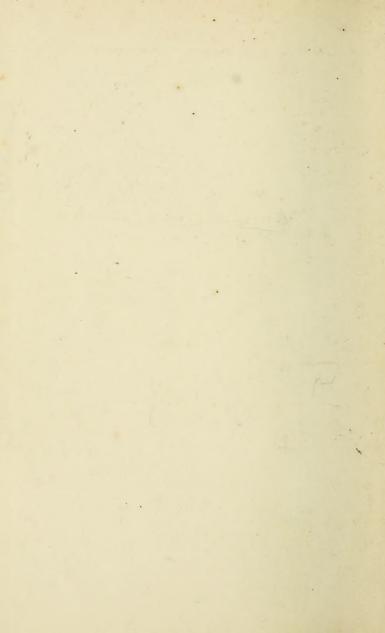
- "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
- And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."
- (a) What conception of duty is here exhibited?
- (b) Make a brief outline of the thought of the Ode to Duty.
- (c) Discuss the question, whether the poem is chiefly to be esteemed for the value of the thought, or for the beauty of the expression?
- 76. (a) Point out the resemblances and the differences between the occasions which gave rise to the two sonnets which begin:—

"When I have borne in memory what has tamed great nations," and,

"Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the west, Star of my country!"

- (b) What are the main differences in the character of the thoughts and feelings depicted in the two poems?
- 77. What constitutes the *poetic* content in the subject *Michael?* What were the limitations of Wordsworth's view of human character? Wherein lies the special excellence of Wordsworth's diction in this poem?





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